

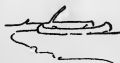
Book of Words

The Pageant of Thetford

In Celebration of the One Hundred and Fiftieth
Anniversary of the Granting of the Charter.

William Chauncy Langdon

Master of the Pageant



On the Banks of the Connecticut River
Thetford, Vermont

August 12, 14, 15, 1911

COPYRIGHT 1911 BY
WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

All Rights Reserved

*The Vermonter Press
White River Junction*

The Pageant of Thetford



THE VILLAGES OF THETFORD

East Thetford
Thetford Center
Thetford Hill
North Thetford
Post Mills
Union Village

COMMITTEES OF THE PAGEANT

THE PAGEANT COMMITTEE

Mr. ARTHUR B. PALMER, Chairman
Miss MARGARET FLETCHER, Secretary
Mr. CHARLES C. EMERSON, Treasurer
Dr. L. B. ALLEN
Mrs. A. H. COLTON
Mr. CHARLES C. COOK
Mrs. CHARLES H. FARNSWORTH
Mr. FREDERICK T. HOWARD
Miss ADELLA MARTIN
Mrs. WILLIAM MURFEY
Mr. NELSON PORTER
Mrs. NELSON PORTER
Mrs. W. K. PORTER, Jr.
Mr. ELLSWORTH SARGENT
Rev. WILLIAM SLADE
Mrs. CHARLES VAUGHAN

THE ADVISORY COMMITTEE
on the Development of the Town's Resources

Prof. MARSHALL CUMMINGS, Chairman
HON. GUY W. BAILEY
Mr. RAY STANNARD BAKER
Mr. BRUCE CRANE
Mr. L. G. DODGE
Prof. C. H. FARNSWORTH
Mr. ARTHUR FARWELL
Mr. JOHN M. GLENN
Dr. LUTHER H. GULICK
Mr. A. F. HAWES
Hon. WILLETT M. HAYS
Pres. ELIAS LYMAN
HON. GIFFORD PINCHOT
Mr. ERNEST THOMPSON SETON
Prof. H. DYKE SLEEPER.
Pres. JOHN M. THOMAS
Dr. MILTON WHITNEY
Mr. H. J. WILDER
Mrs. MARY SCHENCK WOOLMAN

ART COMMITTEE
Miss KATHERINE VAUGHAN
Mrs. WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

COSTUME COMMITTEE
Mrs. W. K. PORTER, Jr.
Miss CHRISTINE VAUGHAN

MUSIC COMMITTEE
Mrs. WILLIAM SLADE
Mrs. WILLIAM MURFEY
Rev. WILLIAM W. SLEEPER
Prof. CHARLES H. FARNSWORTH



MASTER OF THE PAGEANT
WILLIAM CHAUNCY LANGDON

DIRECTOR OF THE MUSIC
JAMES T. SLEEPER

DIRECTOR OF THE DANCE
Miss VIRGINIA TANNER

ASSISTANT
Miss EDITH BROWNELL

Foreword.

THE PAGEANT OF THETFORD presents in dramatic form the history of the town of Thetford, Vermont, from the coming of the first settler one hundred and fifty years ago down to the present time and on into the future.

Thetford is a typical agricultural town of Vermont, whose history has been that of most of the farm towns of New England. In connection with the Pageant, the people of the town have entered upon a movement for a general development of their resources,—agricultural, educational, and social. In this they are receiving the direct assistance of the University of Vermont and of the United States Department of Agriculture. The results of this development work are suggested in the last section of the Pageant, the Episodes of the Future. The Pageant of Thetford, therefore, is a study of the rural problem and, it is hoped, a contribution toward making the country town an ideal place to live in.

The episodes are historically correct so far as they refer to actual events in the past. A certain freedom has been exercised, however, for the sake of dramatic effectiveness. In general, the people of the villages concerned in the historical events which are portrayed take the parts of their ancestors in the various episodes.

The pageant grounds are on the bank of the Connecticut River near the village of North Thetford. The grand-stand faces south toward a grove of large pine trees about two hundred yards away. A low vine-covered fence divides the ground into two parts, the nearer of which is used for most of the individual action.

W. C. L.

Episodes of the Pageant.

INTRODUCTION.—THE NATURE SPIRITS AND THE INDIANS.

1. The coming of the first settler, "Old Quail John."
2. Richard Wallace and Burgoyne's Invasion.
3. The building of the Church on Thetford Hill, and the Musical Society in Thetford and Lyme.

INTERLUDE I.—THE SPIRIT OF HOME.

4. The Founding of the Thetford Academy.
5. The Country Fair.
6. The Coming of the Railroad.

INTERLUDE II.—THE AGE OF HOMESPUN; THE SPIRIT OF WAR.

7. The Civil War.
8. The Introduction of Machinery.
9. The Rural Problem.

INTERLUDE III.—THE SPIRIT OF PAGEANTRY.

10. The New Agriculture.
11. The New Education.
12. The New Life.

FINALE.—Thetford presents her six Villages, and the past, the present, and the future, to Vermont and to America.

The Music of the Pageant.



INTRODUCTION.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAIN	}	James T. Sleeper
THE SPIRIT OF THE RIVER		
THE SPIRIT OF THE INTERVALE		
SONG OF THE TOTEM POLE	}	Indian Melodies
SONG OF THE WORLD		

EPISODE 1

CANOE SONG	Indian Melody
------------	---------------

EPISODE 2

THE BRITISH GRENADIER
YANKEE DOODLE

EPISODE 3

INVITATION	}	Old Hymns
BRIDGEWATER		
NEW JERUSALEM		

INTERLUDE I

THE SPIRITS OF THE RIVER	}	James T. Sleeper
THE SPIRITS OF THE INTERVALE		
THE SPIRITS OF THE MOUNTAIN		
THE SPIRIT OF HOME		

EPISODE 4

ODE TO THETFORD	James T. Sleeper Thetford Academy Song
FAIR THETFORD	

INTERLUDE II

PASTORALE	Arabella Coale
CAPTAIN JINKS	
POP GOES THE WEASEL	
MARCH FROM THE NUTCRACKER SUITE	Tschaikowsky

EPISODE 7

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC	
HYMN TO LIBERTY	Arthur Farwell

INTERLUDE III

SARABANDE	Bach
HUMORESKE	Dvorak
CHORUS: RAISE THY HEAD	James T. Sleeper

EPISODE 10

CHORUS: COME WITH A CHEER, GOOD	
NEIGHBORS, COME	James T. Sleeper

FINALE

CHORUS: HAIL, THE FOREST DAYS OF OLD	
	James T. Sleeper

STAR SPANGLED BANNER

The Pageant of Thetford.



INTRODUCTION.

THE NATURE SPIRITS AND THE INDIANS.

[A dramatic dance symbolic of the three Nature Elements of Thetford—the mountains, the river, and the intervale.

FROM the west of the pine grove comes the Spirit of the Mountains. She is tall and dark, clothed in green, her draperies caught with pine and other evergreen branches. Her movements are slow and stately; she stands motionless from time to time.

Toward her, from the river bank on the east, comes dancing the Spirit of the River. She is not so tall, and she is fair in coloring. Her draperies are blue, with a shimmer of white through the blue, like the light of sunshine on the water. Her movements are swift and smooth, sweeping up to the Spirit of the Mountains and away from her. Her moods are alternately those of serious impetuosity and playfulness.

Presently, from the south, comes running the Spirit of the Intervale. She is clad in pale gold, the color of grain; her garments are embroidered with wheat, her hair wreathed with berries or grapes. She carries a branch of fruit. At times she is almost still, swaying back and forth; again she dances back and forth between the Spirit of the Mountains and the Spirit of the River. Her stillness itself is almost vibrant; her movements are rich, opulent, votive, with a suggestion of maternal womanliness.

In the midst of their dance, a few Indians come among them—braves, squaws, and children. The Indians dance in and out among the Nature Spirits with no conflict or interference. The Indian did not interfere with Nature. The dance of the Indians typifies their daily activities, the braves

going forth to hunt or to fight and returning again to their squaws and children, who have been about the domestic activities.

As they dance, there approaches from the woods along the riverside, a White Man, dressed in Puritan garb. He is quiet and self-reliant in manner. He stands for a moment watching the Spirit of the River dancing to and fro among the other Nature Spirits. His eyes are shaded by his hand. The Spirit of the River sees him and points to him, calling the attention of the others to him. All stand motionless gazing at each other. Then he withdraws into the woods, and after a brief, puzzled hesitation, the Nature Spirits and the Indians resume their dance. It continues for a few moments, then all depart in the directions from which they came; first the Indian squaws and children, next the Indian braves, then the Spirit of the Intervale and the Spirit of the River, and finally the Spirit of the Mountains, slowly and impressively.

Episode 1.

THE COMING OF THE FIRST SETTLER, "OLD QUAIL JOHN."

From up-stream come a good number of Indians in their canoes—braves, squaws, children, and babies carried by the squaws. As the canoes approach the grounds, they swing around toward the shore, where the Indians beach them. All come ashore, where the squaws hang the babies up on the trees and begin to gather berries and fruit and to play with the older children, while the braves with their bows and arrows go off in pursuit of game into the grove. Gradually they draw farther away until they are hidden from the river and from most of the stage and are visible to the audience only through the trees.

From far down the river comes John Chamberlain, rowing a boat laden with his goods. He stops now and then as he comes, looking at the shore on either side as if considering making a landing, but rows on. When he arrives at the grounds, he looks again, more carefully; then turns his boat abruptly toward the shore and beaches it. He drags it up on the land, comes up on to the bank and looks about, cautiously at first and then more freely. He evidently likes the place.

In looking about he does not see the Indian women among the trees nor the Indian canoes beached around the point. He goes back and unloads his boat, bringing the stuff up on to the bank in two trips, and piling it up about the middle of the stage. When his goods are all up, he pulls his boat out of the water. Among his things he has several bunches of quail, unplucked and tied together by the feet. He builds a fire,—a small one—near the goods, and proceeds to cook a pair of his quail, evidently relishing his feast, and getting absorbed in his cooking. His gun, however, rests between his knees as he sits on a box, his back half turned to the Indians in the distance, who have not yet seen him.

The Indian squaws and children start to return to their canoes, and in approaching see the stranger. Their consternation is followed by stealth. The two squaws who have left their babies hanging on trees creep up noiselessly to get them. Some go to call the braves, who presently emerge from among the bushes and trees, and steal up behind Chamberlain. One is about to spring upon him with uplifted tomahawk, when he hears a sound and swings his gun around upon the brave without rising, then makes a bound out into the open. He covers all the Indians with a sweep of his gun and they stand motionless. One starts to withdraw into the bushes but Chamberlain immediately aims at him.

Chamberlain then makes the sign of peace and friendliness to the Indians (the hands held high and then extended.) He calmly interrupts proceedings to give attention to his quail, which need turning. The Indians are about to take advantage of this, but he at once has them covered again. They reply with signs that they will parley and he motions them to sit down with him. They do so, arranging themselves in a circle according to their custom, but he will not allow this, as he wishes to stay by the fire and does not want any one back of him. He motions them to sit in front of him in a half-circle and they obey.

When all are seated, Chamberlain asks them by signs which they want, his friendship or his enmity. He rummages in his goods and brings out a long pipe. He holds out first the pipe and then the gun toward them, the pipe having the mouthpiece toward them and the gun having the muzzle pointed toward them. Finally they grunt and nod assent, as he holds the pipe high above his head and makes an inquiring exclamation. They express their assent also by rising and then sitting down again. Chamberlain then squats before the fire, dives into his pack and brings out some tobacco. He starts to fill the pipe but the quail need attention, so he drops the pipe and tobacco and turns the quail; always, however, keeping his gun between his knees. He lights the pipe with a coal, smokes himself and then the pipe is passed around in accordance with the Indian custom.

All arise. The Indians give Chamberlain some trinkets and presents which he accepts. He then gives to the chiefs, who have made him the presents, some of his quail. They devour it with surprise and gusto. Chamberlain eats his with

the relish of an epicure, evidently reserving for himself the best portions.*

The Indian chiefs then sign to him that he may live on this side of the river but must not cross to the other side, where they live. He assents. Then they offer to show him a good location for his cabin. He agrees and motions to them to carry his stuff. They haughtily refuse, but as he becomes manifestly indignant at their refusal they call their squaws to come and carry his goods away. They then move away, the squaws first, then the braves, and finally "Old Quail John" follows, carrying his gun in one hand and in the other his long pipe and his bunch of quail.

* John Chamberlain, the first settler of Thetford, is described as follows in a bit of doggerel which is a part of the town's traditions. It was written by one of his contemporaries:

Old Quail John
Was the first to come on,
As poor as a calf in the spring;
But now he's as rich
As Governor Fitch
And lives like a lord or a king.

Episode 2.

RICHARD WALLACE AND BURGOYNE'S INVASION.

(PLAYED BY THE PEOPLE OF THETFORD CENTER AND
NORTH THETFORD.)

[Enter from the northwest entrance the Chairman of the Committee of Safety, with four other members of the Committee and other people of Thetford, leading eight Tory brothers. The Chairman stops and the Tories are brought before him.

CHAIRMAN

By vote of the Committee of Safety, approved by the people of Thetford in town meeting, you are expelled from this town, your property is confiscated to the general use, and you are each and all of you forbidden under pain of death to return to this town. Whereto pay heed and take due warning. Auctioneer, sell the property of these eight Tory brothers forthwith, and pay the proceeds into the hands of the Treasurer of the Town of Thetford.

AUCTIONEER

What am I bid? By order of the Committee of Safety! Cultivated land, cleared land, woodlots, and personal property! Who'll take half? Who'll take quarter?

BIDDERS

I! I! I!

AUCTIONEER

What am I bid?

(First Bidder and Others run the bids up to £6 7s 9d.)

AUCTIONEER

Going, going, gone! Sold for £6 7s 9d each to these four men right here.

A TORY

You shall hear later from us! This is robbery! We will take

sides with the King! (Shouts and uproar) We will go to General Burgoyne.

[General uproar as they are roughly hustled off.

THETFORD PEOPLE

To Canada! Go to Burgoyne! Tories! Tories!

[Enter four Green Mountain Boys holding three British soldiers prisoner. They come up before the Chairman of the Committee of Safety.

CHAIRMAN

Ha! Who are these?

GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY

Spies, taken in the hills over by Strafford.

CHAIRMAN

Search them.

[The British scouts are searched. They put up some resistance, which only makes the Patriots rougher and more thorough in their search. Letters, written on thin paper and folded small, are found in the boot of one, in the shirt of another, in the coat-cuff of a third. They are handed to the Chairman. He looks at them and holds up his hand for attention.

CHAIRMAN (reading)

"To the Captain of the 14th Company of the Royal Footguards. On receipt of these orders you will immediately lead your command out from their appointed hiding-place by forced marches and attack the settlement at Newbury on the Connecticut River and burn it to the ground. You will also sieze and burn all other settlements that you may find. You will carry these orders into effect the night of the day you receive these orders, which are sent in duplicate, lest the despatches fall into the hands of the Yankees. (Signed) Very respectfully your obedient and humble servant, John Burgoyne, Major General." The others are similar, giving orders for night attacks upon Charlestown and Royalton. Guard these prisoners well. Send out the alarm.

[Two or three men jump upon horses and ride out in different directions.

RIDERS

To the ferry! To the ferry! The British are here!

A MEMBER OF THE COMMITTEE OF SAFETY

I fear those eight Tory brethren knew of this; that made them so bold in defying us and threatening us with vengeance.

CHAIRMAN

Never fear, neighbor! It is the worse for them.

[From the two western entrances come streams of people, hurried and in great confusion; men, women, and children, on horses, oxen, and on foot. They have household goods of all kinds on wagons, sledges, packed on horses, on their shoulders, and in their arms. Animals are driven along—cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs. The long line crosses to the river bank, where a large flat-bottomed boat is loaded with the first arrivals. The shouts of the men driving the animals and calling to each other, and the noises of the animals, cause great confusion. From the southeast entrance comes Richard Wallace, on horseback, riding at a gallop.]

RICHARD WALLACE

The British are coming!

CHAIRMAN AND MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE

Ay, we know it! To the ferry! The countryside is in flight.

RICHARD WALLACE

Where is my wife? Who has seen my wife? Does no one know anything of her? (To several) Have you seen my wife?

[During the flight a woman has been seen carrying heavy packages to the knoll at the right. She has made two trips and now sits down on her pile of goods and watches the crowd go by. In the pile of goods is a scythe, among other implements. As Richard Wallace advances on foot, leading his horse and looking for his wife, he sees the woman and runs to her with a cry of joy. She rises and throws her arms about his neck.]

RICHARD WALLACE

Why are you here? Why did you not fly with the rest?

MRS. WALLACE

I had no way to carry our things to a place of safety; you had the horse down at Charlestown. We worked so hard to get and to save what we have! So I decided to stick by the stuff* and see if there is cause for all this trepidation and flight.

RICHARD WALLACE

My wife! My wife! Thank God you are safe!

MRS. WALLACE

Now that you have come, we can take the stuff across the river.

[Together they pack the goods on Wallace's horse and start to join the stream of people going toward the river, Mrs. Wallace on the horse.

Enter, gliding out of the pine-woods or bushes near by, an Indian, "Captain John." He is tall and erect; fierce and cruel, but direct in manner. He threads his way among the people, expressing his contempt with grunts, and going up to the Chairman engages him in conversation. The Chairman by his manner and gestures shows consternation. He steps forward, grasping the Indian by the wrist, and stretches out his hand in command.

CHAIRMAN

Hold! Hold!

OTHERS

Hold! Stop!

[All the people stop and turn back. The flat boat is rowed back to land. All gather to hear what the Chairman has to say.

CHAIRMAN

(Captain John grunting his confirmation at intervals.) There are no British near. Captain John has just been all along the mountain from Ox-Bow at Newbury to Royalton. There was

* Her actual words as cited in the old records.

not a sign of the British. Before that he has just come from an attack on Burgoyne's army—(here Captain John lets out a blood-curdling war cry, holding over his head some fresh scalps and showing his bloody tomahawk with fierce delight)—and no parties have left the army for a long time.

SEVERAL MEN

(Sizing a rope and rushing at the three British prisoners.) Is it true? Is it true? (They put the rope around the neck of one and start to drag him to a tree.)

A BRITISH SOLDIER

Save my life! Yes, it is true; it is true.

SEVERAL MEN

Hang them! Spies! Hang them!

RICHARD WALLACE

(Running in and rescuing the British soldier.) No, my friends! It is a trick of Burgoyne's to keep us from joining the men under Schuyler and Stark that are opposing him. To arms! Over the mountains to fight Burgoyne!

ALL

To arms! Over the mountains! To arms!

CHAIRMAN

A fife! A drum!

[A fifer and a drummer come forward and begin to play Yankee Doodle.

RICHARD WALLACE

(to his wife)

Now the oats will not be reaped, and the corn will not be hoed; and you—my wife—

MRS. WALLACE

Yes, they will. All will be well. You must go and fight. But do not fear; I am your mate.*

* During her husband's absence, Mrs. Richard Wallace took entire charge of the farm, ploughing, reaping, and harvesting the crops.

[She gets off the horse, throws her arms about him and kisses him. She then picks up the scythe and puts it over her shoulder, takes the horse by the bridle, and starts away. As she

turns to go, Richard Wallace holds her back a moment and kisses her again; then he takes his place in the forming line. The fife and drum are still playing. The Chairman takes command of the line of men. All are armed.

CHAIRMAN

Lead the prisoners on before. Attention! Forward march!

[The fife and drum leading, the little procession starts. First come the Green Mountain Boys with their three British prisoners, then the minute-men. They disappear into the ravine, the fife and drum still playing. The women and others, waving and cheering, go slowly toward their homes.

Episode 3.

THE BUILDING OF THE CHURCH ON THETF- FORD HILL, AND THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THETFORD AND LYME.

(PLAYED BY THE PEOPLE OF EAST THETFORD AND THETFORD CEN-
TER, WITH A FEW PEOPLE FROM LYME.)

[Enter from the northeast the Reverend Asa Bur-
ton* and a group of people from the settlement
on the Connecticut River. At the same time
enter from the northwest entrance a group of
people from the settlement on the Ompompa-
noosuc River.

REVEREND ASA BURTON

Here come our brethren from the Ompompanoosuc Valley.

[The Connecticut people stand awaiting the Om-
pompanoosuc people, as they come down the
hill. Dr. Burton stands between the two groups.

REVEREND ASA BURTON

Greeting and peace in the name of the Lord, my beloved
people!

[Both sides bow low to each other. The Om-
pompanoosuc people bow first to Dr. Burton
and then rather more stiffly to the Connecticut
people.

REVEREND ASA BURTON

Brethren, we have gathered here to meet those whom the
County Court has appointed from the neighboring towns, at
our request, to decide for us where we shall build us a Meet-
ing House, that the Lord may have an habitation among us.
I adjure you, as you stand now in the presence of God, to
consider this matter solely as in His sight, to obey His will.
Let us now before these arbitrators decide this thing for our-
selves. What say you?

* The Rev. Asa Burton was the minister of the town for over
fifty years—an iron ruler and a loved friend.

ONE OF THE OMPOMPA-
NOOSUC PEOPLE

Dr. Burton, you have spoken, as always, what is right. The people in our valley are more numerous grown. The voice of the people is the voice of God. We will leave it to the majority vote, as is the sanctified custom in Congregational churches. It is the will of God.

ONE OF THE CONNECTICUT
PEOPLE

Nay, these new-comers are obstinate in their hearts and changeful in their ways. Wherefore the Lord hath put it in our hearts to correct them. God placed his house from the first settling of the town to the east, and confirmed his choice by blessing the preaching and ministry there. Will God change? Did the Lord not have his purposes in mind for all time?

REVEREND ASA BURTON

Brethren, a house divided against itself—

[Both sides draw back jealously from each other.
Enter on horseback the Reverend Peter Powers,
of Newbury, and four other ministers.

REVEREND ASA BURTON

Here come our godly advisers and arbitrators.

[All turn and bow exceeding low as the five ministers ride up. They dismount and bow in turn. They advance a few steps, their horses held together behind them.

REVEREND ASA BURTON

We welcome your coming to us and we will abide by your decision.

REVEREND PETER POWERS

Do you on both sides of this dispute submit yourselves voluntarily to this arbitration!

ALL THE PEOPLE

We do. We do.

REVEREND PETER POWERS

Have either of you anything further to add to what has already been declared to us about this matter? (To the Connecticut group) What say you?

ONE OF THE CONNECTICUT PEOPLE

We have nothing further to say, and we are ready to accept your just decision as the will of God. There in our valley the first church was built, and there it prospered under God's blessing. There the church should remain. Shall the wicked say, Behold, the church was here but it has vanished away?

REVEREND PETER POWERS

(To Ompompanoosuc group.) What say you?

ONE OF THE OMPOMPA- NOOSUC PEOPLE

We will add nothing. The will of God is clearly set before your eyes. The church is for the nurture and edification of the people. The people in our valley far exceed in number those in the old valley. The House of God, the Ark of the Covenant, should move forward with the people.

REVEREND PETER POWERS

Dr. Burton, what have you to say on either side?

REVEREND ASA BURTON

The Evil One, the Prince of Darkness and Dissension, has stirred up between them this jealousy and controversy, but God hath yet put it into their hearts to submit to your arbitration. Both sides have stated their claims truly and without falsehood.

REVEREND PETER POWERS

We will withdraw to consider our decision. (The arbitrators withdraw up the slope, their horses being led after them. They are seen to bow their heads for a moment in prayer and then to discuss the question.)

[Enter from the southeast the people from Lyme, coming with hymn books in their hands.]

REVEREND ASA BURTON

Here are our friends from Lyme for our monthly singing. Let us all unite in praising the Lord, according to the established laws of Nature and of God's holy word, quickening and enlivening our cold affections by the art of vocal music.

[Dr. Burton takes out a pitch-pipe; all gather eagerly together, forgetting their quarrels and

dissensions in their love for music. Dr. Burton gives the pitch.

REVEREND ASA BURTON

We will sing 'Invitation.'

[All sing the old hymn.

REVEREND ASA BURTON

' That was indeed the performance of people having a tolerable skill in the art of music, and a contribution to the proper worship of God. (All bow and are evidently much pleased with his praise.) When I was first ordained to you, you were scarcely able to sing on the Sabbath, and as I had always loved sacred music and made a study of it, I could not with comfort endure your singing.*

ONE OF THE CONNECTICUT
PEOPLE

I would move you that if any member of the Musical Society shall make any new discovery in the art of music, he shall make the same known to the society in one of their meetings, and if any obtain knowledge of any new hymn tune or anthem they shall present the same to the society. §

ONE OF THE OMPOMPA-
NOOSUC PEOPLE

It has been rumored that some one of the members has covetously been keeping to himself such choice treasure; I second the motion.

REVEREND ASA BURTON

Are there any remarks? Are you ready for the question? Those in favor will signify their vote by saying Aye and by raising their right hand.

ALL

Aye! Aye!

ONE OF THE LYME PEOPLE

There are some of the uncivilized in Lyme who have sought to discourage the people from joining this Society and to decry the art of music; and we have heard that there are such

* From Dr. Asa Burton's diary.

§ From the original constitution and by-laws of the Musical Society of Thetford and Lyme.

also in Thetford, and that they have even, for their nefarious and unrefined purpose, sought to become members of the Society. Therefore I move you that when any offer themselves to join this Society, they shall be examined with respect to their end and design in joining it, and if it shall appear upon their examination that their design is to get an occasion to ridicule or in any way to thwart the end of the Society, and not to promote it, they shall be rejected.*

SEVERAL

(Coming closer and speaking with feeling.) I second it!
Yes! Yes!

REVEREND ASA BURTON

This is a just and proper motion. Those who are in favor—

ALL

(With emphasis and unanimity) Aye!

REVEREND ASA BURTON

For the next meeting, to be held in Lyme, we will all learn Walpole. The arbitrators are about to return. Let us now sing Bridgewater.

[All sing Bridgewater, making it unusually doleful, some occasionally looking back to see if the arbitrators are coming. As the hymn draws to a close, the arbitrators return. The Thetford people draw apart from each other with returning stiffness and hostility.

REVEREND PETER POWERS

We have earnestly and solemnly considered the question submitted to us. We deplore the obstinacy of heart of the people (each group looks scornfully at the other) but we have felt that we were limited in our decision, for we have not wholly trusted the obedient spirit of the people of Thetford in this matter of the location of their church. (Various feelings exhibited at this—some repentant, some indignant.) Wherefore we have decided that the church and meeting house of the town of Thetford shall be erected and built here on the hill half way between the two settlements, and we call upon you all of both sides obediently to carry out this decision. (Amazement and consternation.)

* From the minutes of the Society.

SEVERAL ON BOTH SIDES

It is God's will.

ONE OF THE OMPOMPA-
NOOSUC PEOPLE

Let us drive the first stakes here and now.

ONE OF THE CONNECTICUT
PEOPLE

Here is an axe. Let us drive it together.

[The two cut a stake and drive it into the ground,
one holding it and the other using the axe.

REVEREND ASA BURTON

(Standing over the two men) God bless this beginning and
give fruit unto His word here in this place through my minis-
try and the ministry of all who shall follow me forever.

ALL

Amen!

REVEREND ASA BURTON

Further, I will bear an equal portion of the expense. I will
build the pulpit and the pew by the staircase, and I will give
beside 5000 feet of pine boards. So may we always bring our
troubles and disputes to each other and submit them to rea-
son, and so may God always bless the result to us.

[Exclamations of gratification and enthusiasm.

REVEREND ASA BURTON

Likewise, in order that I may not seem to belong to one set-
tlement more than to the other, I will remove and build me
an house here on the hill near the meeting-house.

REVEREND PETER POWERS

So, already, has God blessed you and brought fruit to our
arbitrations.

[All get up on their horses.

REVEREND ASA BURTON

Let us all appropriately sing New Jerusalem as we depart our
several ways.

[All sing New Jerusalem. With the second verse
they begin to leave, in the various directions
from which they came.

INTERLUDE I.

THE SPIRIT OF HOME.

FROM the pine grove at the south a group of white men emerges. They are the Puritan who appeared in the Introduction, a Ranger, a Revolutionary minute-man, and a farmer. A little back in the edge of the pines is a group of women and a few children. The Puritan advances and beckons toward the east. Over the river bank comes the Spirit of the River, followed by other River Spirits, some very young and slender. Half-reluctant, she obeys the call of the White Man, though her followers have a tendency to float away to the south. Leading the group of white men toward the north, the Spirit of the River moves away; when from the west comes the Spirit of the Mountain, accompanied by other Mountain Spirits. At the same moment the Spirit of the Intervale appears, with other Meadow Spirits some of whom are very small. The Spirit of the Intervale comes at the call of the White Man, but she does not come gladly. It is accepted duty, not joy, which she expresses. The Meadow Spirits bend low before the white men and remain so, until the Puritan takes the Spirit of the Intervale by the hand and points toward the group of women standing among the pines.

From among the group of women, who stand aside to let her pass, comes the Spirit of the Home. She comes forward with a movement that is direct, beautiful, and inexpressibly winning, sweeping toward the Spirit of the Intervale and lifting her up with an embrace. The Meadow Spirits yield gladly. In turn the Spirit of the Home makes her sweet advances to the Spirit of the Mountain, who responds more reservedly.

Surrounded then by the Nature Spirits, the Spirit of the Home dances alone. Her dance is one of motherhood, of tenderness and understanding. As she ceases, the Nature Spirits, reaching radiant arms to her, withdraw in various directions. Slowly the group of white men and women retire, and last of all, the Spirit of the Home withdraws slowly into the pines.

Episode 4.

THE FOUNDING OF THE THETFORD ACADEMY.

(PLAYED BY THE PEOPLE OF THETFORD HILL.)

[CHORUS]

ODE TO THETFORD.

(WRITTEN BY MRS. SADIE WILSON, OF POST MILLS.)

In a little humble corner
Of our own Green Mountain state,
Lies the little town of Thetford
Loved by all, both small and great.
Thetford, with her peaceful valleys,
Thetford, with her grand old hills;
And her trees, her rocks, her rivers,
And her little sparkling rills.
Her green fields and wildwoods,
Verdant meadows, flow'rets rare,
Hold the love of all her children
Though they're scattered everywhere.

Refrain:

Then all hail to thee, fair Thetford,
May thy virtues shine afar,
May thy name be held e'er sacred
As a never-setting star.

All her sons are bold and hardy
Like the oaks on green hillsides,
Inured to snow and tempest
They faint not, whate'er betides.
In the days of early struggle
They toiled on, both hard and late,
For the sake of wives and children,
For the honor of home and state.
And these homes of Thetford
Are her greatest charms today,
And to keep them pure and holy
Should be our aim away.

Refrain.

[Enter from the northwest entrance Judge Jedediah P. Buckingham and Mrs. Ann Cook Buckingham, as the stage comes into sight down the vista of the southwest entrance. They wave their handkerchiefs.

JUDGE BUCKINGHAM

Here they come! Here they come!

[Enter Judge and Mrs. Beriah Loomis, and Colonel and Mrs. Lyman Fitch.

MRS. BUCKINGHAM

Here they come,—Mr. and Mrs. Hubbard, from Windsor. We must have tea out of doors; there will not be room for us all in the house. Lydia, go in and tell Aunt Jane we are going to have our tea outdoors, and bring it right out. They will be tired and want refreshment.

[Lydia has appeared at the entrance when called, and now retires to give the message. The stage drives up and stops. The visitors alight. Effusive greetings between them and Judge and Mrs. Buckingham, who introduce them to the others. The stage drives away with its other passengers.

JUDGE HUBBARD

(to Judge Buckingham.)

And how is my young friend Simeon Short?

JUDGE BUCKINGHAM

Do you know him?

JUDGE HUBBARD

Dear me, yes! He studied law in my office. I prepared him for the bar.

JUDGE BUCKINGHAM

He is a great acquisition for us. He has been here but three years but is highly esteemed. A very promising lawyer; a credit to your instruction, Judge. He will surely be put upon the bench one of these days.

MRS. HUBBARD

Is he here?

JUDGE BUCKINGHAM

Not today. He has gone to take the donation of the people of Thetford to the Kimball Union Academy in Meriden, New Hampshire.

JUDGE HUBBARD

Indeed! How much was the donation, may I ask?

JUDGE BUCKINGHAM

\$40.

JUDGE HUBBARD

\$40? Indeed! Indeed! Thetford is truly interested in the cause of education. A generous gift!

COLONEL FITCH

Yes, Simeon Short is a man of parts. I insist he is a man of ideas. He should be back today some time; he went day before yesterday. I insist he ought to be back today.

[Enter from the southeast entrance Mr. Simeon Short, on horseback, at a walk. He comes up to the assembled company, graciously uncovering himself as he comes. All come forward with evident pleasure.]

MR. SIMEON SHORT

Tea out of doors?—Ah, Judge Hubbard, and Mrs. Hubbard, you have come up from Windsor!—No wonder! All outdoors is none too large a welcome for you.

MRS. BUCKINGHAM

Will you not alight and join us, Mr. Short?

MR. SIMEON SHORT

No, no; I thank you. I have had a long, dusty ride. I am travel stained.

MRS. BUCKINGHAM

Let me give you a cup of tea in the saddle. (She goes and pours a cup.)

MR. SIMEON SHORT

My friends, as I rode along through the woods today on my way home from Meriden, I thought, "Why not have an academy in Thetford, instead of sending our students so far away to one in another state, and contributing money for its support as well?" (A pause.) And why not? Why not, Judge Buckingham?

JUDGE BUCKINGHAM

Capital! We will do it. Gentlemen, shall we not take the matter up at once? I will contribute toward its institution and support. Where is a paper? Get paper, ink, and quills.

COLONEL FITCH

Mr. Short, I insist that you are a man of ideas. I am justified in my estimate of you, sir. I congratulate you, sir. I will subscribe lumber. I insist upon supplying the lumber for the building.

[A boy comes with a sheet of foolscap paper, an inkhorn, and quills. A place is made on the tea-table. One by one the gentlemen step up and write down their subscriptions.]

JUDGE BUCKINGHAM

(to the boy)

Go ask Dr. Burton to come. There he is now. Go and ask Judge Reed, Mr. Latham, and Mr. Kendrick to come over. (The boy goes out.)

[Enter Rev. Dr. Asa Burton, a man of 66 years; immediately following him come the other gentlemen named, and also Amasa Bond.]

JUDGE BUCKINGHAM

Gentlemen, Mr. Short has proposed that Thetford have an academy of her own, instead of sending her young people and her money to an academy in New Hampshire.

MR. SIMEON SHORT

And these gentlemen have made the suggestion their own so completely and so quickly that I did not have a chance to get off my horse before they had out a paper and had put down their subscriptions.

DR. BURTON

An excellent idea. God's blessing prosper it.

MR. SIMEON SHORT

Colonel Fitch has given lumber.

COLONEL FITCH

Yes, I insist on giving the lumber.

AMASA BOND

I will give some lumber, too.

COLONEL FITCH

No, no; I insist on giving the lumber.

AMASA BOND

Well, I'll just put down my name. (He goes to the table, writes his name, and goes out.)

DR. BURTON

It must be a general subscription. We must have trustees at once to provide for the frugal management of the institution. We shall also need a preceptor. There is now sojourning in our midst a young minister of Danville; he is learned, a graduate of Brown University, industrious, and given to good ways. He is by the grace of the Lord endowed with the right qualities of a teacher, and has some of his former pupils here with him.

MR. LATHAM

Let us send for him. I know where he was staying only yesterday. (He goes out.)

[Enter from the southeast a wagon driven by a boy of about fourteen years. Mr. Simeon Short has gotten down from his horse and is writing on the subscription paper with the others.]

DR. BURTON

(to the boy)

Ah, Justin, how are things in Strafford? And how are your excellent parents?

JUSTIN S. MORRILL*

Very well, I thank you, sir.

DR. BURTON

What brings you over to Thetford today?

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

I have an errand to Mr. Short's, sir.

DR. BURTON

He is here. He is busy just now. He will see you in a moment. Justin, here is something you ought to have. (Justin looks up curiously, but respectfully.) An opportu-

* The Hon. Justin S. Morrill, United States Senator from Vermont, was one of the earliest pupils at Thetford Academy, although not, as here represented, among its first pupils.

nity for an education not far from your own home. (Justin shows his interest and delight, and moves closer to Dr. Burton.) We are going to have an Academy here in Thetford.

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

Then I could be a lawyer—like Mr. Short!

MR. SIMEON SHORT

(coming up to them from the table.)

Yes, you can be a lawyer and give up farming. (Mr. Short remounts his horse.)

JUSTIN S. MORRILL

I would not want to give up farming. I wish farming came into an education!

MR. SIMEON SHORT

Combine education and agriculture! That is a new idea!

DR. BURTON

Here is the young man I recommended to you for preceptor, the Rev. John Fitch. I see some of his boys are with him.

[Enter Rev. John Fitch and several boys.]

DR. BURTON

Mr. Fitch, I have suggested you to these gentlemen for the Preceptor of a new Academy that we are starting in Thetford. Will you sojourn among us until we have completed our preparations and can make our election?

REV. JOHN FITCH

Right gladly will I.

JUDGE BUCKINGHAM

Who is this? Amasa Bond?

[Enter Amasa Bond driving an ox-team, hauling a great log.]

AMASA BOND

There is the first log for the new Academy!

COLONEL FITCH

But I insist that I will give the lumber for the Academy.

AMASA BOND

Well, Colonel, I insist that I have given the first lumber; my subscription is the first to be paid up.

DR. BURTON

Amasa, you are a lesson to us in the prompt payment of our debts. With God's blessing, and following this example He has given us at home, let us proceed without delay to raise the rest of the subscriptions and pay them at once. (Putting his hand on the log) Here is the beginning of our Academy.

MR. SIMEON SHORT

Let us all go and help Amasa unload the first log for the Academy! (Cheers. Amasa Bond starts up his team; Mr. Short rides along beside the log; the people gaily cluster round the log as it is hauled away. The boy, Justin S. Morrill brings up the rear. As the people move away, the chorus sings the Thetford Academy song.)

FAIR THETFORD.

(WRITTEN BY EDITH McDUFFEE, '92)

Fair Thetford! Fair hill where the hills circle round,
We are singing, loved Thetford, of thee,
For we love every inch of thy proud classic ground,
'Tis no matter where'er we may be.
Thy mountains are blue, in thy bright sunset's glow
E'en the sunsets of Italy pale,
Thy breezes bring courage wherever they blow,
Fair Thetford, loved Thetford, all hail!

To stand with thy sons is to stand with the strong,
'Tis to mingle with those of true worth;
Oh, thy sons and thy daughters are scattered afar,
They have borne thy rich gifts through the earth.
But, home in our hearts, very truly we know,
Know that some who are valiant for truth,
Look back in the hour of their proudest success,
To the lessons thou gavest in youth.

We care not what others may think or may do,
Oh, we care not what others may say,
For we know that our places are kept for us there,
Although far from the hilltops we stray.
But oft e'er we wake at the bird's morning call,
We'll be dreaming, old Thetford, of thee,
And still we will sing when the night shadows fall,
Fair Thetford, loved Thetford, for me!

Episode 5.

THE COUNTRY FAIR.

(PLAYED BY THE PEOPLE OF UNION VILLAGE)

This Episode is a reproduction of a country fair at about the period 1835.

First of all, the exhibitors of live stock arrive. They arrange their cattle, horses, sheep, poultry, etc., in places designated by the Marshal of the Fair. Teams, ox-carts, and sheep pens are driven up and placed in position.

Later the exhibitors of household industries make their entrance. The women enter their bread, cakes, maple sugar cakes, and the famous Thetford cheese, in the contest for prizes. One woman shows her skill in handling the distaff and flax-wheel. Others exhibit quilts and counterpanes, crochet work, homespun garments, and other needle work.

The judges of live stock consult together, make notes, enter into discussions, and finally award prizes. It was the custom to have one man and one woman judge of the superiority of the foods, and also of the needle-work. These judges pass from one group of women to another, inspecting the exhibits and awarding prizes. A fife and drum play at intervals.

Meanwhile venders of all sorts have made their appearance and are crying their wares. The gingerbread man, bearing large cards of gingerbread, is very much in evidence, and generally patronized. Swains present their country lasses with a card of gingerbread, and small boys are generous purchasers. The man selling suspenders and braces is also doing a good business, largely on account of his cry, which amuses the crowd.* A man selling papers of pins, shoe-strings, and the like, also has a cry which attracts the crowds.* A boy with a keg of cider on the back of his cart finds a large demand for his cooling drink. Another man delights the hearts of the youngsters by the jewsharps he has for sale. Visitors to the Fair are coming and going; there is much noise and laughter. A young fellow grotesquely dressed acts as a clownish country gawk, falling over ropes and boxes, walking behind people and imitating them, and making fun generally. A patent

medicine quack stands on a box and eloquently shouts forth the miraculous qualities of his medicine.

Games have also been going on. The little boys indulge in a tug of war, and older people play at tossing rings at the canes, hammer-scales, and finally, the horse-drawing contest. It is a scene of happy confusion and general clamor. At last the crowd disperses, fathers carrying tired children on their shoulders, and mothers holding sleeping babies in their arms.

* From the reminiscences of Dr. Wilson Farnsworth, of Thetford Hill :

"The music, the crowds of people, and especially the gingerbread stands, interested me very much, but above all, the peddlers crying their various wares. I remember that one, in selling suspenders or braces, cried out again and again—'Long enough for any man, short enough for any boy; and they will stretch like an old woman's conscience.' Another, who was selling a paper of pins, repeated some doggerel of which two lines cling to my memory after more than 55 years, viz:

'To give each fold its proper place
To bind the slender tapering waist,'"

Episode 6.

THE COMING OF THE RAILROAD. *

[Owing to the fact that it was impossible to secure the old Engine this Episode will be omitted.]

A drove of cattle in care of a man and a boy come down through the north-west entrance, going across the grounds to the south-east. At the same time from the latter direction comes a man driving a wagon-load of potatoes. He hails the cattle-driver and asks him where he is going. Taking his beef down to Springfield, he replies; he then goes on to ask what on earth his neighbor is doing with so many potatoes; he cannot take them to Boston, and he surmises the man himself will never eat so many. Well, he is going to send the potatoes to Boston. "A pleasure trip? the other objects; "it will never pay." The farmer tells him that he is going to send his potatoes by the railroad; he has a large crop that he is going to send to Boston; these are only a few he is sending to a brother in Newbury by the first train to go over the line. Then he asks the cattle-man why he does not ship his beef on the train. Well, the cattle-man is not sure that the railroad will be as good a way of getting his cattle to market as driving them down himself in the good old way; he will wait and see; maybe he will later. Then he goes on and follows his cattle down the road.

A number of people come in from all entrances, evidently some of them come from long distances. One says he has sent an order for some grain down to Greenfield to come up on this first train. Another jokes him about it and tells him he saw the man who took the order on his way down, that he had spoken of it but that he had said he was to bring the grain

* NOTE.—The locomotive of the first train that went over the Connecticut & Passumpsic Railroad, as it then was, in 1848, was called "The Green Mountain Boy," and had that name in gilt painted on its side. There were at first, it is said, only two cars, one freight or express and the other passenger. The windows of the passenger were small, of only four small panes each and there was only one window for every two seats.

up with him when he came, not that he was to send it by the train. General amusement at the purchaser's worry lest his order be not carried out correctly. Another says that a certain neighbor has gone down to East Thetford or to Pompanoosuc to come up on the train.

The engine is heard to whistle far down the track. Great excitement. Every one urges forward to see the first train as it comes around the curve; some restrain others who are in danger of getting too close to the tracks and then themselves do the same thing. The train comes up and stops at the grounds. Everybody cheers, long and loud. The engineer and the fireman wave their caps from the cab of the locomotive. Several passengers lean out of the windows of the passenger car. The conductor and the brakeman get off the train. The man who went down to East Thetford to come up on the train gets off; he is immediately surrounded by friends, who ask him what it is like. He is enthusiastic over the experience and especially dilates on the great speed of the train. From the freight or express car the two bags of grain are heaved off and the name of the owner called out loud to come and take his property. He comes forward, relieved and joyful, and amidst the good-natured jokes of his friends protests that he never had a minute's concern in regard to their coming. The potatoes are put on board; the owner allows he is of a mind to go up to Newbury with the potatoes, and asks the man of the grain if he will take his team home for him. Yes, surely he will and cordially recommends the experience of train travel. Just in time he swings himself on board, as the train slowly starts up and pulls out up the track. Again everybody cheers, and many get up on the track to look after it. He of the grain loads his bags on to the potato-man's wagon and drives off in the direction of North Thetford. The people disperse, most of them going off in the same direction.

INTERLUDE II.

THE AGE OF HOMESPUN: THE SPIRIT OF WAR.

As a setting for this interlude are groups of families engaged in some of the old home industries, such as spinning, weaving, threshing grain with the flail and the winnowing fan, making maple sugar with the sap-yoke and kettle. Each industry is conducted by a family, thus representing the economic conditions in the Age of Homespun. While these activities are progressing, groups of old people and young people dance some of the old contra dances. The whole scene is joyous and festive, and continues with a simple hilarity as if it were never to end.

Abruptly interrupting, with Tschaikowsky's March from the Nut-cracker Suite in the Orchestra, the Spirit of War tears in from the south, clad in red. The dancing stops. The Spirit of War is insolent, fierce, cruel and mocking. The men stand firm, resolutely grasping their various implements, staring dauntlessly at the Spirit of War as she rages around among them. The mothers clasp their children to their breasts or cling to their husbands. As the Spirit of War drive the people before her, the men and the women come together in a new spirit of unity. The men come together in front of the women to protect them. The family lines, so distinct in the days of economic independence, are blurred, giving way to a new community relationship born of the times of the war. As the dance continues, the Spirit of War drives all the people away, remaining alone in possession of the scene for one last hysterical moment of fury.

Episode 7.

THE CIVIL WAR.

(PLAYED BY THE PEOPLE OF POST MILLS.)

(Long roll on the drum. Enter members of the G.A.R., E. B. Frost Post, with their battle flag. They march to the knoll on the right of the grounds, stack their arms, and stand viewing the episode, which is played in tribute to them.

Enter a large group of men, women, and children, and with them a band of soldiers in heavy marching order, ready to go to the front. Goodbyes are said as the long roll continues. The soldiers fall into line, and when the drum stops, the sergeant forms the company and turns it over to the Lieutenant.)

LIEUTENANT

Parade, rest! (He turns to the Minister, who comes forward and holds up his hand. All bow their heads.)

MINISTER

O God, our Father, the God of One Home and of One Nation, help us in this our time of need. Give us strength to do our duty, those of us who go and those of us who stay at home. Give victory to our arms, if it be thy will, that this broad land many remain one nation from north to south, as from east to west. Bless and strengthen our sons and brothers who have already gone to the front. Give endurance to the wounded to bear their sufferings. Those who are appointed to die, take, O God, unto Thee, and in a little while, when our time is past, unite us all again in Thine eternal Home in the Heavens. We ask it in the name of Him who bore all things for us, Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Our Lord.

ALL

Amen!

(All raise their heads and the soldiers look straight at the minister as he says to them.)

God bless you, every one. Be vigilant; quit you like men; be strong.

LIEUTENANT

Rest! (Quietly some of the nearer relatives come up to say goodbye once more; some stay back. All is quiet.)

MRS. BROWN

(to a soldier) Here, Tom, when you see Jim, divide this between you.

TOM BROWN

No, mother, you keep it. You will need it more than we. We will get along all right.

MRS. BROWN

No, boy, take it. If I come to need, the neighbors will help me out a bit.

A YOUNG GIRL

(Her hands on a young soldier's shoulders). I will think of you every minute, Harry. (She gives him a first aid kit, and then draws back, as if in terror.) Here is a first aid package I made for you, Harry. O, God! if you should have to use it! (She buries her head on his shoulder; he kisses her.)

MRS. JONES

(to the same soldier) Harry, put this Testament next your heart and keep it there always. Pray every night and morning, boy!—pray for us at home! (She puts the Testament into his pocket and buttons his coat herself.)

LIEUTENANT

(kissing his wife and turning to the soldiers) Attention! Carry, Arms! (etc., etc.)

[The orchestra strikes up the Battle Hymn of the Republic. The soldiers march away.

The people then sit down on the ground in groups to make comfort packages for the soldiers. Little children scrape lint. They eat their lunches as they work.

[Enter running from the northeast the Railroad Ticket Agent. He is waving some despatches.

TICKET AGENT

A battle!

[The minister moves toward him, and he hands the despatches to the minister. The people gather around.

MINISTER

(reading) "It is reported that a battle is now raging in southern Pennsylvania at a village called Gettysburg. The President has issued a call for troops." (An utter, appalling silence.)

MINISTER

(Opening the other despatch and holding up his hand) "List of the dead, wounded, and missing at the battle of Chancellorsville." (He reads the list of authentic names of Thetford men so reported during the Civil War.)

MRS. BROWN

(When her son's name is read) I will go to him—

TICKET AGENT

Don't think of it. You cannot—

MRS. BROWN

Somehow I will—

MRS. SMITH

(whose husband's name was among the killed) Frank is killed. I have a little money I had saved up to go to him if he needed me. You can have that. With what you have maybe you can go. (Mrs. Brown takes her hand and clings to her.)

MINISTER

(reading) The body of Captain E. B. Frost, 6th Vermont, killed on the field of battle at Chancellorsville has been ordered sent to his home, Thetford, Vermont. (Silence.)

MRS. FROST

(to her boy and girl) Come, Ruth; come, Clinton; let us go to get everything ready to meet him and bury him. (They go off, the Ticket Agent following them.)

MRS. WHITE

(who has been standing very quiet since the list was read) Missing! Missing! O, if I only knew. If I could only go to him. I will! I will find him! (Other women put their arms around her and quiet her.)

JOSEPH MATSON

The President has called for more troops. I am too old and

feeble to go, but I will give money to care for the family of a younger man to go in my place. (Cheers.)

TWO MEN

I will go. I will go.

ONE OF THE MEN

We can hardly both of us go.

THE OTHER

We'll draw lots. One will go—

ONE OF THE MEN

Then the other will do the work of two at home.

[They pick blades of grass and go to the minister; he takes the blades and they draw.]

THE MINISTER

You go; you stay.

HOWARD JONES

(a boy of 15 years)

I will go. Will you let me go, mother?

MRS. JONES

Yes, boy; you may go.

HOWARD JONES

(seeing tears in her eyes) I will come back. You want me to go, don't you? You would not have me stay when the President calls for troops, would you, mother?

MRS. JONES

No, Howard, I would not have you stay. (Kissing him) Yes, I am proud of you.—(Turning away and speaking half to herself)—but you are my last and it is a little hard. (To him) You may go.

MRS. SMITH

(Looking down the track.) There comes the train with the wounded.

A MAN

Does the doctor know? (To a boy) Run tell the doctor.

[The boy runs up the hill as fast as possible. At the top he turns and shouts:

THE BOY

Here he comes!

[The doctor gallops up on horseback from some distance back. He jumps from his horse, tosses the reins to the boy, and runs forward with his kit as the wounded are carried in. Some are on stretchers, some walk with crutches.]

WOUNDED SOLDIER

Where is Mother?

MRS. SMITH

She's passed on, Mr. Hopkins. We buried her two weeks ago. We tried to get word to you, but could not. (They go aside, talking.)

MRS. BLACK

(Looking through the wounded for some one and coming up to Mr. Hopkins) Where is Richard? He was reported wounded and ordered home.

MR. HOPKINS

That was a mistake, Mrs. Black; he was killed. He fell dead by my side at the time I was hit at Chancellorsville. (She tries to bear up and he tries to comfort her.)

ANOTHER WOUNDED SOLDIER

(Going about on crutches, looking for some one, and coming up to Mrs. Smith) Mattie!

MRS. SMITH

(turning and looking aghast) Frank! Frank! I heard you were dead! (She throws herself into his arms hysterically.)

[The ticket-agent runs in waving a despatch. All turn eagerly to him.]

TICKET AGENT

The Union is saved! The battle of Gettysburg is won! Vicksburg is taken!

ALL

The Union is saved!

TICKET AGENT

The Union is saved!

MINISTER

America will proclaim the message of Liberty to the nations of the world, not by the independence of her States but all together, by the union into one nation! But there is still much to be done. And Vermont will do her part!* Let us go and get ready to take care of those whom God has given back to us.

[All go out together. The Chorus sings the Hymn to Liberty by Arthur Farwell. The G. A. R., last of all, come down the slope, following their color bearer.

* Vermont gave a greater proportion of her sons to the country than any other state in the union.

Episode 8.

THE INTRODUCTION OF MACHINERY.

[Enter from the northeast Samuel Small and Richard Towne.

RICHARD TOWNE

You ought to come to the city. You'd do lots better. That's where things are happening. Plenty of work; plenty of money. Look at me. Then when you come back to the old farm, you amount to something.

SAMUEL SMALL

No, I like it best right here. The city's all well enough for those that like it, but I can make a living right here. I have my little place, and get quite a bit off it. Sally likes to attend to the garden and the chickens, and I get all the extra work I can do from Ben Farmer right next door. He's got a big farm and I work for him quite a bit.

RICHARD TOWNE

You're slow. That's the trouble with you. You're behind the times. You're a good fellow and you ought to keep up to date. [Claps Small on the back.

SAMUEL SMALL

(Laughing) It would be all well enough for you to talk like that if I was not making out all right, but I've got things here too handy for making a living and raising my family for you to be able to budge me. (With another laugh) Did you talk about this to Sally?

RICHARD TOWNE

No.

SAMUEL SMALL

Well, you'd better not. She won't take to the idea.

[Enter from the northwest Benjamin Farmer driving a mower.

BENJAMIN FARMER

Well, what do you think of that! (He stops in the center.)

RICHARD TOWNE

How are you, Ben?

BENJAMIN FARMER

Why, how do! Glad to see you again. How are you making out down Springfield?

RICHARD TOWNE

First rate. How's the folks?

BENJAMIN FARMER

Fine! Well, I took my time coming to it, but I'll not be sorry I got this mower. I can do four times the work with this in a day with one man than what I could before with four men handling the scythe. Just look it over! I can put all that rough pasture land of mine into hay now.

[He gets down and the three look the machine over.

SAMUEL SMALL

That's great! That's great!

RICHARD TOWNE

Beats all what they do with machinery these days!

[Samuel Small and Richard Towne start off and Benjamin gets up on his mower again. Then Small comes back, while Towne goes on.

SAMUEL SMALL

I'll be over soon. Are you going to want me to run that for you?

BENJAMIN FARMER

Well, you might try it, if you like. (A little embarrassed). The truth is—the truth is, Sam, I won't need to hire as many men now as I did before, and yet I can get more work done.

SAMUEL SMALL

Wha—

BENJAMIN FARMER

These new machines get a sight of work done. I aint been more'n getting a bare living out of the place for some time, good a farm as it is.

SAMUEL SMALL

Say, Ben Farmer, do you mean you won't want me to work for you no more?

BENJAMIN FARMER

Why, Sam, I'd like you to work for me first rate. I've known you all your life, and you always done good work for me. I aint been making more than a bare living out of the place for a long time. The wages I've had to pay out for hire eat up everything there was in it. In fact, I've been getting a bit in debt. Now this new machine will let me catch up and I may get a bit ahead. It's like I aint got no choice.

SAMUEL SMALL

Like I aint got no choice either. (Pause) Ben, can't you hold me along a bit? It's taking half my living away from me. I make a bit off my own patch and a bit working for you, and between the two we get along all right. But there is no living on my five acres alone. (Pause. Both men are troubled and awkward in consequence.) It'll break Sally's heart to leave the old place. Her father and two brothers were killed in the war, and it was there her mother came to us, and died there, and we've brought up our family there—all born in that house.

BENJAMIN FARMER

I know, Sam, I know. I feel mean to have to do it. But I've got to do one thing or the other—go ahead or go under. Anything I can do, I'll do gladly for you, Sam.

[Benjamin Farmer drives off toward the south-east. Down from the same direction comes Small's wife, Sally, carrying a milk-pail and stool.

SALLY

Good morning, Ben. That your new mower?

BENJAMIN FARMER

Yes.

[Sally comes down to Ben, who walks back to meet her. They talk together for a moment, Sally looking thunderstruck. First she looks back at Benjamin Farmer, disappearing along the road; again she looks off as if at her little home, and wipes her eyes. Sam puts his arm around her and she lays her head on his shoulder. Their little boy, who has come with her, pulls at her skirt. They each take him by the hand, and he draws them along.

SALLY

Well, we'll have to give it up. There's nothing else for it.

SAMUEL SMALL

You're a brave girl; you're a brave woman, Sally. You're a child of the war all right.

[She puts her hands on his shoulders again, then braces up and dashes away the tears from her eyes.

SALLY

Come on. (She turns to him with a brave smile and holds out her hand.)

[Enter Richard Towne along the river bank the way he had gone.

SAMUEL SMALL

Hey, Richard! (Richard comes over to them.) I've been thinking over a bit what you said about work in the city. Maybe I might consider it.

RICHARD TOWNE

Fine! Now you're talking! I thought Sally would not be against it. (Sally smiles but says nothing.)

SAMUEL SMALL

Do you think I could get work there right off? I have no money to keep us on while we wait for a job, if—if I give it up here.

RICHARD TOWNE

Sure you'll get work right off. They can't get men enough. They're introducing new machinery and new methods right along. There never was such a time for factories. The city's the place for live men.

SAMUEL SMALL

But I've never done any of that kind of work.

RICHARD TOWNE

Neither have none of the other new men. They've got to take new men. There are none with experience. If you've got the stuff in you, you're bound to succeed.

SAMUEL SMALL

I believe I'll go.

RICHARD TOWNE

That's the way to talk.

[Re-enter Benjamin Farmer on his mower.

SAMUEL SMALL

Ben, would you care to buy my land off of me?

RICHARD TOWNE

Sam's coming to the city. He's not going to stay around here hoeing potatoes.

BENJAMIN FARMER

(to Towne) So? (To Small,) Well, I don't know but I might. It's a good little piece of land. I aint got much use for the house (Sally winces and turns away) that I can see just at present. Come around and we'll talk price. I'll treat you fair on it.

SAMUEL SMALL

I'll be around tonight.

RICHARD TOWNE

The city's the place. I tell you this is the age of machinery. Everything in the city is done by machinery nowadays. Even in your own home. (Sally turns away again for a moment.)

BENJAMIN FARMER

Well, we're introducing machinery a bit here on the farm, too. This, for instance.

SAMUEL SMALL

Yes, it's a case of machinery in both places—in the country and in the town. Well, we'll settle things up tonight.

[Sam and his wife go off with the child between them. Towne stops to talk with Benjamin Farmer, and as Farmer drives away he walks along by the mower, talking interestedly as he goes.

Episode 9.

THE RURAL PROBLEM.

(PLAYED BY THE PEOPLE OF THETFORD HILL.)

[Enter from the northwest George Edwards and his son, Joe; Joe is driving a load of hay, standing on the load; his father comes alongside and pitches a forkful of hay onto the load.]

GEORGE EDWARDS

That's the last!

JOE EDWARDS

(Receiving the hay, placing it, and then throwing his own fork into the hay.) It's my last, anyhow.

GEORGE EDWARDS

What do you mean?

JOE EDWARDS

I've told you, many a time. I'm going.

GEORGE EDWARDS

Why?

JOE EDWARDS

You know as well as I do. I want to try new methods of farming to get out of this land all there is in it. You won't. You just make fun of it—and me.

GEORGE EDWARDS

Aint you going to give them notions up?

JOE EDWARDS

They're not notions. It's no use, as it is now. You're just getting a bare living out of this farm.

GEORGE EDWARDS

Well, what more do you need? A living's not the easiest thing to get these days, and I've done it right here for a good many years, STEADY. And I know them right here in this town that are not doing that. The land of this whole region is worked out—that's the truth of it.

JOE EDWARDS

Worked out? Nothing of the sort. For all we've been getting out of it, this land's been mostly lying fallow for the past—don't know how many years.

GEORGE EDWARDS

Fallow! Hm! I've worked it pretty hard, I know that.

JOE EDWARDS

We don't know what the land's best fitted for, or how to handle it to get the best out of it, that's what's the matter. We're behind the times.

GEORGE EDWARDS

Oh, of course. Your father don't know anything, (Pause) That's one of the notions you've picked up from those Burlington fellows. What do they know about my farm? I've been working it now twenty years, lived on it all my life and my father before me. I guess I know this farm better than any young man that does his farming in books and fusses around in a hot-house over in Burlington, other side of the state. Fallow! Hm! That's where you got that idee!

JOE EDWARDS

It's not, either. I heard Dr. Whitney say that down in New York and he's the head of the Bureau of Soils at Washington.

GEORGE EDWARDS

Bah! About as good! See here, my boy, I know this farm about as well as I know you, and I want you should learn one thing: if you're going to get along in this world and not get ploughed under, you've got to stick to facts.

JOE EDWARDS

I am sticking to facts. But there are a whole lot more facts about this farm that we can find out for ourselves, and we ought to find out what they are.

[Silence; a bit sullen on Joe's part, and the silence of superior wisdom on his father's part. Joe climbs down from the top of the load and they feed the oxen.]

JOE EDWARDS

I intend when I'm done with this farm to have a good sum of money out of it.

GEORGE EDWARDS

Going to get rich, eh?

JOE EDWARDS

And leave it a richer, more profitable farm than it ever was before.

GEORGE EDWARDS

Hm!

JOE EDWARDS

I want my family to know what's going on in the country—

GEORGE EDWARDS

They can read the magazines, like we do. There's nothing new in that.

JOE EDWARDS

And take part in the big movements that are going on, if they take a fancy to—and can.

GEORGE EDWARDS

Fancy! That's just about it. Joe, if you and your family are going to do all this that you've laid out,—get rich and all that—you'll have to get up a good deal earlier than you do now and go to bed a good deal later.

JOE EDWARDS

I get up as early as any one. You needn't say that.

GEORGE EDWARDS

I'm not saying as you don't. But we're not trying to do all that at present.

JOE EDWARDS

Hm!

GEORGE EDWARDS

Joe, it seems like to me you don't think your bringing up has been good enough for you, quite. Now I can tell you that your mother . . .

[Enter Mrs. Edwards with a jug of milk. Neither has noticed her approach.

MRS. EDWARDS

What are you two threshing out now? (Both are silent a moment.)

GEORGE EDWARDS

Joe thinks this farm isn't good enough for him.

JOE EDWARDS

It's not so. I believe in this farm a good deal more than you do.

MRS. EDWARDS

Joe! Joe!

GEORGE EDWARDS

Well, he says he's going away,—going to the city to learn farming, and a whole lot of new-fangled things. His father managed to make a living without.

MRS. EDWARDS

Why do you get talking about these things? You don't agree on them and you never will.

JOE EDWARDS

Father thinks I am just a conceited—: I want him to understand that I—You understand, Mother. You know that it's because I CARE that I—

MRS. EDWARDS

Yes, Joe, I know. You love your father and he loves you; that's why he don't want you should make any mistakes. You've got to go your own way more or less, just like he did; but the city's no place for a young man. If you went to New York or Boston, I should be worrying about you every minute until I had you back safe again.

JOE EDWARDS

(putting his arm around his mother:) But that's absurd, Mother. I should get along all right. I know how to work hard. I can make my way.

MRS. EDWARDS

Well, maybe you would. I hope so.

JOE EDWARDS

Others have. I can do what others have done.

GEORGE EDWARDS!

(going to see about oxen and their feed) It costs more to live in the city, and it's not easy to get a job down there as soon as you get off the train. We have not the money to keep you going down there long.

MRS. EDWARDS

You are our only child, Joe, and we've always done everything for you we could—

JOE EDWARDS

I know you have, Mother.

MRS. EDWARDS

And planned everything the best we knew how for you, to leave the farm to you just as your father got it. He has always said he would not sell an acre of it, because he said he wanted you should get the whole farm, the old family homestead, just as it has always been in the family. And sometimes it has been pretty hard.

JOE EDWARDS

I know, Mother, you and father could not have done anything more than you have for me. And I want to make the most of it I can.

[Joe puts his arm around his mother and kisses her; George comes up and puts his hand on Joe's shoulder.

GEORGE EDWARDS

You are a good boy, a good son, Joe; and you always have been. Here, Joe,—here's the whole farm that's going to be yours some day. You are keeping company with the school-teacher. She's a fine girl; we like her. I'll set you up right now; stay at home.

JOE EDWARDS

Thank you, father. But there is not enough in the farm for all of us the way we are working it now. It will not take care of two houses. You know it won't.

MRS. EDWARDS

What's to hinder you living right on with us? We'll be glad to have Lettie.

JOE EDWARDS

It's new ways of working the farm we need, Mother. We could never get ahead if I did that. I must go and LEARN HOW first. I must learn a way to get ahead a bit in money.

GEORGE EDWARDS

Same as Luke Harding.

MRS. EDWARDS

Don't, George. Don't go away, Joe! We don't want you to get into any trouble, or run the risk of it. We love you, Joe, and we want to do for you.

JOE EDWARDS

Oh, I'm not going to get into any trouble.

GEORGE EDWARDS

Neither was Luke. No, he was going to make a fortune in New York. Some one else made the fortune,—all Luke had of it. He had a try at the bread line, Learned to drink, that's about all he learned. Joe, we don't want you should turn out like him,—just as you are starting out to be a man and a credit to us. Going that way, you CAN'T succeed, Joe.

JOE EDWARDS

Well, if you think I am no better than Luke Harding,—if you think I am that sort—

[He flings off, going up the field. Enter from the north-east Lettie Davis, the school-teacher, with a number of little children, dancing about her and crying out, "School's out! School's out!" One little girl runs up and takes her hand and walks along with her teacher.

LETTIE DAVIS

(seeing Joe going off up the field) Oh Joe!

[Joe turns and comes back down to meet her without saying anything. Lettie sends the little girl on ahead; the children go out.

LETTIE DAVIS

What's the matter, Joe?

JOE EDWARDS

The same old thing—only Father says that if I will stay he will set me up right off—

LETTIE DAVIS

(eagerly) Does he?

JOSEPH EDWARDS

There is not enough in the farm for all of us the way it is run now.

LETTIE DAVIS

But you would do so much with it. You are younger than your father. I know what you could do. I am not afraid to trust to you.

JOE EDWARDS

It isn't a matter of working hard. When Father was my age, all his future lay right here in Thetford. Now it's different. Business is a good half of farming now and business is spread over the whole country. I must make my living—our living—not as a Thetford farmer raising crops for my own use or the local market, but as an American farmer raising crops for the general market, wherever it is. Business has become everything, because business men have got together. Farmers must get together, and I must learn how to do things that way.

LETTIE DAVIS

All right. Why not begin at home, Joe?

JOE EDWARDS

What's the use? No one here would listen to ME? And why should they? No more will they take the lead. They are all content to scrape along. When it comes to doing anything, they wait a while first and then sit back and say they can't, like Father.

LETTIE DAVIS

Joe—

JOE EDWARDS

The only way is for me to go and prove to them that I am right, that I can—— Oh if I could only have THEM! Now I must go alone! It is true, what they say, that there is danger in the city for a fellow like me. There is. There is danger everywhere. They love me but they do not believe in me. I have a RIGHT for them to believe in me! They do not believe in me because I am their son, because I am a Thetford boy. If I came from anywhere else,—if I were anyone else's son,—I might have a chance,—but—it is all wrong! It takes the heart out of me. They ought to back me up—me, ME! Then I could go and win! Or stay and win, if it were a matter of staying!

[Lettie looks at him shocked at his outburst.

JOE EDWARDS

I know they love me; you need not look at me like that. I

I know it better than you do. I want someone to believe in me, if it's only one! Let them hate me, but believe in me!

LETTIE DAVIS

Oh don't, don't say that, Joe! [She protests with an almost understanding tenderness.

JOE EDWARDS

(he starts away from her and then turns back impulsively to her, holding both hands out to her) Don't you believe in me, Lettie?

[She thinks he is changing his mind or that he may change it and stay at home; she is happy in the hope, comes up close to him and takes his hands and looks up into his face affection- and appealingly.

LETTIE DAVIS

Why do you go?

[He looks quietly into her eyes a moment.

JOE EDWARDS

Because I must.

[The father and mother have been talking together and watching the young people, though not hearing what they said. Joe returns to the team, climbs up on the load and silently starts the oxen up to drive them off. Lettie goes over and joins Mr. and Mrs. Edwards.

GEORGE EDWARDS

Well, Mother, I reckon he's gone.

[They go out, Joe driving the load of hay, the father and mother and Lettie walking beside it. As they go, the Spirit of Thetford appears stretching out her arms in compassion to them.

INTERLUDE III.

THE SPIRIT OF PAGEANTRY.

As the people of the last episode depart at the north-east exit, enter from the north-west entrance Thetford, clad in rather dingy green and blue, so faded as to be almost brown. She reaches out her arms after the people who have just gone, in compassion at their situation. Her heart revolts in distress at the impossibility of their rising out of their hard lot; this

she expressed in her movements and gestures. She appeals, though with little hope, to all quarters of the compass, and then sinks down in hopeless dejection in the middle of the nearer stage. The music continues in still gloomier strains reaching her dejection, as she lies prostrate on the earth.

With one clear note in the orchestra bringing an element of cheer and hope, there arises from the wood at the side of the river, the Spirit of Pageantry, the spirit of putting joy into work.

[THE CHORUS SINGS:]

Raise thy head! Stretch forth thy hand!
Victory's labor do not shirk!
Joy the fruit of all the land,
If joy thou pour in all thy work.

She is resplendent, mystic, radiant with hope and joy, instinct with dignity. She does not so much come on as arise. As she slowly approaches the gate between the farther and the nearer stages, her motions are all of devotion and worship, stately, ritualistic. For a moment she stands between the two elms as in prayer. Then her eyes come down to the earth and she sees Thetford lying prostrate on the ground before her. Her first impulse is of pity; then of kindly protest at the wrong attitude toward life. Slowly she goes to the prostrate figure and summons her to arise, to look abroad at the beauty of the world, to look up at the radiance of the light, to enter into the joy of life, instead of letting herself be absorbed in its hardship and hopelessness. Thetford responds slowly; she looks up but does not arise; she cannot believe; she knows better from intelligent experience. So there follows a series of appeals or summons and responses and lapses into dejection, till Thetford arises and shows a joyous trust in the Spirit. Before, too unbelieving, she is now too dependent. The Spirit of Pageantry points her forth, impressing upon her that she must not depend upon her but upon her own heart for strength, and for guidance look to the glory of God and of her country, pointing to the sky and to the south.

Thetford clings to the Spirit, who gently repulses her and points to the south, where for a moment is seen the figure of America on a white horse with the shield of the United States on one arm, and holding forth the flag with the other. Thetford gazes rapt in wonder at the vision;—America raises the flag as a sign of recognition and a call for her allegiance. At the same moment with a whirl the Spirit of Pageantry vanishes. Thetford reaching back with one hand to the Spirit turns back to her; the Spirit of Pageantry is gone. Thetford turns again to gaze at America; she also is gone. She stands

still a moment and then turns, reaches down to the ground, draws forth a sword and holds it forth straight over her head, self-reliant, strong, her face radiant with confidence in the future, her arms upraised to the heavens.

[CHORUS.]

Toward the future cast thine eyes;
Sunshine floods the heavenly dome!
O'er each roof the Eagle flies:
In the Nation lives the Home!
In the blackest dark of night
Blaze the suns of distant space:
Pierce the clouds that shroud from sight
Glory in a humble place!
Rise! Build firm the future town!
Plant its acres! Reap its crops!
Sing! Let Joy like streams run down
From the wooded mountain-tops!
River, village, forest, field,
When the songs of praise arise,
Their responsive praise will yield!
Toward the future turn thine eyes!

Episodes 10-11-12.

THE NEW AGRICULTURE--THE NEW EDUCATION--THE NEW LIFE.

[Enter the Master of the Thetford Grange and Henry West, a western farmer, formerly a Thetford man.]

HENRY WEST

Old Home Week is a good thing!

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

Yes, Henry, it is a good thing; it is good for us here at home and I think it is also good for you fellows who have gone away.

HENRY WEST

This town fair you've got started is a good thing, too.

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

Yes, we find it so. It gets the whole town,—the whole family—together, so to speak, once a year to see what we have accomplished during the year. And it always shows progress.

HENRY WEST

How long have you had them?

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

One, two, three,—four years now. They startled in a little suggestion in an episode in our Pageant in 1911. It was the same as this one. We are repeating it and are going to have something of the kind every five years.

HENRY WEST

Our towns are most too big to have things like this, out west. But you ought to see our corn fields out in Minnesota, furrows two miles long are nothing. Some of them, you plough down one day and plough back the next.

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

Not much home life in that, Henry.

HENRY WEST

(with a laugh) No, but its great farming! You cannot do anything like that in old Vermont.

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

I grant you, but Vermont,—and Thetford—has no call to take a back seat to any place. Look there, did you ever see finer cattle than those Holsteins of Lewis Cadwell's? Or that Jersey bull of Harley Sanborn's?—He's registered. Or those Ayrshires of Bob Vaughan's?

HENRY WEST

No, I have not. They're fine cattle. What do you do with them? Send them to the Brighton market?

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

Yes. Wilder told us there was no place in the country to beat this region right here where Thetford is for fresh milch cows for the market. And he was right. We are going in for cattle strong.

[A poor lean cow is lead in at the north-west entrance, and taken up along side of the fine cattle.

HENRY WEST

Good heavens! What is that?

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

That is one of our jokes. We bring a robber cow to the town fair as a standard of comparison. Used to be a lot of them in the town, ate their heads off and the profits of the good cows too. Now there is not one in the whole town. We have to go outside to get one.

HENRY WEST

Everyone used to keep cows when I was in Thetford. Dairy-
ing was the chief industry.

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

Nothing to what it is now, though. We sell the cream now,

the same as then; but we get more for it. It is worth more, tests higher, and there is a steady supply.

HENRY WEST

Use separators entirely, I suppose.

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

Oh, of course. There is one that is used a good deal in town; made in Vermont, down at Bellows Falls. There are other good ones, but we like to use Vermont product when it is up to standard. We show the machines we do the work with, too. That has lots to do with what we accomplish, of course. There is a corn harvester, and a cut away harrow, for instance. Familiar enough, of course, but we keep in mind what we do things with.

HENRY WEST

Well, Charlie, this is all fine. How do you do it?

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

We do everything through the Grange, nowadays. Buy co-operatively and sell co-operatively. The Railroad helps us with our marketing too. Worth while of course: more business for the railroad and more for us. And we can give most of our attention to the farming that we know best.

HENRY WEST

Pretty big scale you do things on now, Charlie, but still nothing like the west. Can't here. The soil is too thin.

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

So are you. But you claim to be an A-1 farmer! (both laugh) Then too, Vermont has some things you have not got out west, with all your excursion rates down the corn-field.

HENRY WEST

What?

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

That old Home feeling, for instance, that brought you back right now. The feeling that the land is yours,—not merely that you paid for it, but that you were born and brought up on it, that you are proud of it and would work yourself to the bone to make the town proud of you. You'd better come back, Henry. (Silence).

[Enter the Girl Pioneers.

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

There's our best crop. Our boys and girls. Watch them a bit. We believe in making them good strong, healthy, jolly, all-round youngsters. The boys are off on a hike.

HENRY WEST

They'll not be here then.

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

Yes, they will. They are as keen on the town fair as anyone.

HENRY WEST

They've got Boy Scouts and Girl Pioneers everywhere.

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

Yes, but with us it is town policy. It is a development of our resources equalled by nothing else. Not only it makes them men and women from head to foot, but it keeps them young. They learn to play, and when they grow up, they will still know how to play, and play with their children.

HENRY WEST

We agree on that, Charlie.

[Enter the Boy Scouts on a hike.

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

It strengthens sympathy between fathers and sons. There's John Atkins, he does not understand his boy any more than a hen does ducks and he knows he doesn't. But he says he's going to back him up in anything that he undertakes, anyway. They play together, and always have, that is the secret of it. Playing together goes deeper than understanding, even. Nothing like play to get people together.

[The boys and girls join their parents and all sit down to a basket picnic.

MASTER OF THE GRANGE

Now we are going to have what we call the Gathering of the Clan of Thetford. We all have a picnic lunch Town Fair Day and then get together and sing one of our own town songs, and then have a short union town service, with our own ministers, as good as there are anywhere, and they know us a heap better. First the Song and then the Church Bell. Join us, Henry? Glad to have you!

HENRY WEST

More than that, I guess, Charlie. I think I had better come home. (They sit down with a group of people and join in the picnic.) The Thetford Song is sung;

Come, with a cheer, good neighbors, come!

From every Thetford village!

Leave your troubles! Leave the plough!

Leave your hill-side tillage!

All the town is gathering,

As townsmen all together,

With purpose one, to stand and sing

In bright and stormy weather.

After a few minutes the Bell Rings and the Organ plays
"Jerusalem the Golden." [All go off.]

FINALE :

THE TRIBUTE OF ALL THE TOWN TO VERMONT AND AMERICA.

[CHORUS]*

Hail! The forest days of old!
They who fought and won!
Wary, strong, enduring, bold!
Still they lead us on!

Hail! The homespun farming days
When they toiled who won!
Raising men of sturdy ways,
Who still lead us on!

Hail! The days that bore the brunt,
Who despairing won!
Face and heart still to the front!
Still they lead us on!

Hail! The dawn! Remembering
All who strove and won!
Work and struggle, laugh and sing!
So shall we lead on!

Thetford, with thy villages,
In their purpose one!
Down the years of high success,
Lead thy people on!

Hail! Vermont! Green Mountain State!
Bravely hast thou won!
Ride, superb! Despite all fate
Ever leading on!

Hail! America! All hail!
The victory is won!
Always, though through storm and gale,
The flag shall lead us on!

Enter from the pines, coming straight up out of the ravine, Thetford. She stands for a moment motionless just out from under the shade of the pine trees. She is beautifully and richly robed in blue and green. On her left arm she carries her Pageant-Shield, with the golden rising sun in the upper part and the mountains, the river and the intervale in the lower. In her right hand she carries the Sword of Power. Her head is encircled with the laurel wreath of victory. She raises her sword straight above her head, and so stands a moment. In

* This chorus is sung during the course of the finale.

response to her signal come all the Spirits of the Mountains, of the River, and of the Intervale.

They mass themselves in front of the others, facing Thetford and with their backs to the audience, after a march past in which they are brought up in groups to pay their homage to Thetford and to the six Villages.

Thetford turns around toward the south-east entrance, and all turn inward to face or half-face in the same direction, as Vermont appears riding a Morgan horse, coming in at that entrance. She is robed in green and carries her shield and flag. As she rides down to where Thetford stands, all burst forth in acclaim, at the same time raising their right hands high in the air.

Vermont turns on her horse and rides to the top of the little knoll by the pine grove, and raises her right hand high above her head, as a signal; then rides on down the field to the south. Far down at the end of the vista is seen America on a white horse, coming at a full gallop. With her as an escort at some little distance come the States of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New York. America is clad in the traditional garb of Liberty, all in white, a white liberty cap on her head. On her left arm she carries the shield of the United States; in her right hand she bears the American flag which is flying in the wind. The States are robed in colors appropriate to them and carry their shields on their arms, but not their flags. Vermont faces the approaching America until she has come up even with her, when she wheels her horse about and follows America, to the left and a little behind her, and a little in advance of the other states. As America comes up to the massed group of the Pageant of Thetford, she reins her horse in abruptly and stands, the States also halting in their relative positions. Instantly as America halts, and raises the flag at arm's length, orchestra and chorus burst forth into The Star Spangled Banner. America and the States then ride around and back to a point just in front of the pines. There they stand while, still singing, the Pageant marches past. Thetford leads, comes up and takes her place at the bridle-rein of America. The people of Thetford pass out at the south-east exit. Then, the people still singing beyond the grove, America, Vermont, Thetford, and the States come forward through the gate across the nearer grounds and out by the north-west exit.

The Pageant of Thetford

AUGUST 12, 14, 15, 1911

The People of the Pageant

ORCHESTRA

Conductor, JAMES TAYLOR SLEEPER
Concert Master, FRANKLIN H. BISHOP
Piano, MRS. WILLIAM SLADE
Organ, MISS BELLA COATE
Librarian, MISS SOPHIE ANDREWS

Violins

Miss Jeanette Sargent
Miss Gladys Waterman
Mr. Franklin Bishop
Mr. Alwin Bachellor
Mr. Robert Vaughan
Miss Leah Curtis

Miss Lenore Byington
Miss Winifred Young
Mr. Raymond Vaughan
Mr. Linwood Taft
Miss Mary Sleeper

Miss Mary Colburn
Mrs. Rollins Hatch
Mr. Bartlett Mayo
Mr. Clinton Sargent
Mr. Luther Fowle

Viola

Mr. David Craig

Cello

Mr. Harold Heaton Miss Margaret Ruggles Mr. Edward Clark

Cornet

Mr. Myron Colburn Mr. Robert Porter

Clarinet

Mr. Willis Hough

Bass

Mr. Henry D. Sleeper

Trumpeter

Mr. Charles A. Wilcox

Flute

Mr. Charles Hemenway Mr. Theodore Fowle

Trombone

Mr. Herbert Coombs Mr. John Huntington

Traps

Mr. Lumen Boutwell

BAND

Conductor, MR. MYRON COLBURN

Introduction: The Nature Spirits and the Indians

- 1 "The Spirit of the Mountain" Miss Helen Joy Sleeper
- 2 "The Spirit of the River," Miss Nellie Oiesen
- 3 "The Spirit of the Intervale," Miss Annette Burr

Indians

Chief, HAROLD YOUNG

Joseph Young	Neil Allis	Alpha Bond	Walter Palmer
Dwight Sargent	Ray Palmer	Harold Vaughan	Leon Young
Philip Moynahan	Forrest Bailey	Robert Young	Frank Bennett
George Vaughan	Bunker Hill	Ernest McClary	Geo. Thompson

Little Indian Boys

Gordon Colton Chauncey Colton Charles Slack

EPISODE 1

The Coming of the First Settler,

"Old Quail John" - - Harley Sanborn

EPISODE 2

"Richard Wallace and Burgoyne's Invasion"

In charge of Mrs. Nelson Porter and Mrs. Wilcox

Richard Wallace,....Mr. Richardson

Mrs. Richard Wallace....Mrs. Richardson

Capt. John....Mr. Harry Dailey

Chairman of the Committee of Safety, Mr. Otis Bond.—On the Committee of Safety, Harry Barber.—Auctioneer: Nelson Porter.—Bidders: Frank

Wilcox, Albert Dailey. — Tories: Charles Wilcox, Elmer Follansbee, George Barnes. — Green Mountain Boys: Charles Pike, Easle Johnson. — Messenger: Walter Jenkins. — First Settlers: Mrs. Arthur Palmer with four children, Mr. and Mrs. Putney with five children, Mrs. Albert Dailey, Albertina Dailey, Charles Glover, Alice Glover, Mrs. John Miller, Marion Miller, Mr. Will Young with five children, Ira Young, Hazel Young, Beatrice Young, Ida Young, Sarah Conant, Adessa Bond, Mildred Lord, Mrs. Julia Hosford, Miss Nettie Kinsman, William McMaster, Ethel Waterman, Mrs. Elmer Follansbee and daughter, Frank Turner, Andrew Boyd, Mrs. Harry Barber, Mrs. Kinsman and daughter.

EPISODE 3

The Founding of the Church on Thetford Hill

In charge of Mrs. Nelson Porter and Mrs. George Emerson

Rev. Asa Burton—Mr. Fred Howard

Leader of the Pompanoosuc People, Mr. Chas. Cook

People of the Ompompanoosuc Valley

Mrs. Garey, Mrs. Simonds, Miss Della Cummings, Mr. Fred Richardson, Nelson Porter, Ruth Lord, Mrs. Downer, Mrs. Barrett, Mrs. Chamberlain, Mrs. Orville Sanborn, Mrs. Kibbey, Thurman Robenson, Mrs. Willoughby, Orrin Kibbey, Ethel Kibbey, Eleanor Kibbey.

Leader of the Connecticut People, Chauncey Moulton

Rev. Peter Powers,—Mr. Robert Vaughan

ARBITRATORS: Mr. George Fifield Mr. Ernest Harvey Mr. Orville Sanborn and Mr. Harry Richardson.

People of the Connecticut Valley:

Miss Stella Bacon, Carl Emerson, Miss Maud Emerson, Mrs. McKnight Mr. and Mrs. Lufkin, Mrs. Geo. Emerson, Mrs. Geo. Chase, Mrs. Cartee, Miss Mable Garey, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wilmot, Mrs. Orrin Pressey, Mrs. Myron Pressey, Mrs. Chauncey Moulton, Master Moulton, Mrs. Ellsworth Sargent and Ida Clafin.

People of the Lyme Musical Society

In Charge of Mrs. W. L. Murfey and Mrs. G. W. Barnes

Mrs. Cushing, Miss Berry, Mrs. Smith, Miss Cora Waterman, Miss Hazel Young, Miss Barbara Young, Mr. Brackett, Mr. Brodhead, H. P. Cummings, A. C. Cummings, C. H. Hadlock, Mr. Stickney, Mrs. Wilcox, Mrs. Howe, Miss McMasters, Miss Edith Howard, Miss Helen Howard, Mr. Brackett, Mrs. Tilton, Edith Cummings, Rose Wilcox, Mrs. Boyd, Mr. M. A. Gale, Frank Young, Chas. Wilcox, Mr. Boyd, Mr. Smith, Mr. Wilmot, Miss Latham, Mr. Worthley.

INTERLUDE I

The Spirit of Home

Water Spirits, Girls from Camp Aloha

SPIRIT OF THE RIVER, Miss Nellie Oiesen

Helen Gulick, Natalie Kneeland, Maud Kathan, Kathleen Page, Gladys Williams, Ruth Andrus, Rosamond Young, Hope Butler, Rosamond Reed, Marguerite Moore, Janet Adriance, Thea Schaefer, Mary Lodge, Eleanor Butler, Martha Reed, Julia Crump.

INTERVALE SPIRITS: (Girls from Camp Hanoum)

SPIRIT OF THE INTERVALE, Annette Burr

Adelaide Ross, Noeme Pernessin, Sophie Andrews, Pauline Ehrich, Dorothy Ehrich, Clare Pulleyn, Anna Thibaut, Helen O'Connor, Dorothy Johnson, Florence Franklin, Ruth Seggerman, Lenore Pyington, Grace Cameron, Evangeline Ford, Juliet Monroe, Florence Miller, Lucy Broderick Mae Evans, Katherine Fries, Dora Von Horn

MEADOW SPIRITS: (Little Girls from the Villages,) Anna Slade, Helen Vaughan, Hazel Hill, Sadie Palmer, Isabel Laylander, Nancy Johnston, Frances Smith,* Ruth Bond, Louise Harding, Louise Laylander.

BUTTERFLIES: (Little Girls from the Villages,) Margaret Vaughan, Margaret Langdon, Helen Little, Barbara Vaughan, Doris Hartshorn, Dorothy Coombs.

MOUNTAIN SPIRITS: (Girls from Camp Aloha.)

THE SPIRIT OF THE MOUNTAIN, Helen Joy Sleeper.

Mollie Moneypenny, Elizabeth Young, Isabel Foye, Claire Lennox, Marjorie Longfelder, Pauline Garman, Lois Buttrick, Olive Graham, Rachel Watt, Barbara Look, Elizabeth Prizer, Catherine Carpenter, Stella Barnard, Florence Parmley, Jane Griffin, Mildred Graham, Rebecca Jones, Eleanor Foster, Phoebe Helmer, Lucy Benjamin, Anna Campbell, Eleanor Slingluff, Dorothea Kluge, Edith Rice, Elizabeth LeBrun.

EPISODE 4

The founding of Thetford Academy

In charge of Mrs. Charles Vaughan

Judge Buckingham	Mr. William Coombs
Mrs. Buckingham	Miss Margaret Fletcher
Judge Hubbard	Mr. Fred Garey
Mrs. Hubbard	Mrs. Fred Garey
Miss Julia Rittenhouse	Mrs. Marjorie Wood
Judge Loomis	Mr. Goulett
Mrs. Loomis	Mrs. Frank Bond
Col. Fitch	Mr. Harry Palmer
Mrs. Fitch	Miss Etta Wilson
Mr. Simeon Short	Rev. Wm. Slade
Mr. Latham	Mr. Alden Trescott
Dr. Kendrick	Mr. Randall
Amasa Bond	Mr. Irving Bond
Justen Morrill	Master Maurice Bond
Mrs. Hinckley	Mrs. Laylander
Lydia	Miss Ethel Trescott
Boy	Laurence Bond

On the Coach

DRIVER—Mr. Latimer Quimby

FOOTMAN—Mr. Wilkinson

Passengers—

Mrs. Charles Farnsworth

Mrs. Henry Fogg

Miss. Edith Brownell

Mrs. Charles Vaughan

EPISODE 5

THE COUNTRY FAIR

Marshal, Mr. A. V. Turner Assistant, Leon Richardson

Judges of Stock: J. H. Cloud, Len Morse

Supt. of Floral Hall, Miss Carrie Colburn

Judges in Floral Hall: Miss Brownell, Miss Mary Colburn

New Cider Vender, Leon Newcomb

Medicine Quack, Grover Pennock Ginger Bread Vender, G. H. Pattrell

Suspender Man, Ray Waterman

Policeman, E. Bailey

Country Bride and Groom, Mr. and Mrs. Joe French

Miss Ruth Newcomb, L. W. Roberts, Mrs. Lucy Roberts, Bert Cook,
Mrs. Bert Cook, Ethan Stowell, Mrs. Stowell, Irving Bond, Mr. and Mrs.
Myron Pierce, R. Pierce, Sybil Pierce, Mrs. Kate Ruggles, May Morse,
C. Kersnerton, Mr. and Mrs. B. Gates, Frank Cole, Luella Cole, George
Emerson, Mr. A. Pendleton, Mr. W. S. Davison, Colburn's Band.

EPISODE 6

[Omitted]

INTERLUDE II

The Age of Homespun—The Spirit of War

OLD DANCES

Elsie Winslow, Clara Young, Glem Kinsman, Rose Wilcox, Florence
Boyd, Helen Howard, Robert Young, Harold Young, Andrew Boyd, Bunker
Hill, Charles Howe, Barbara Young, Gussie Cook, Nellie Brockway, Mildred
Lord, Katherine Howard, Edith Herward, Leon Young, Jos Young, Arthur
McClure, Charles Pike, Earle Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. George Emerson, Mr.
and Mrs. Nelson Porter, Mr. George Chase, Mrs. Myron Pressy, Mr. and
Mrs. Ira Young, Mr. and Mrs. Seloh George, Mrs. Julia Hosford, Mr. Chas.
Jenkins, Mrs. John Miller, Mr. George Howe, Mrs. George Slack, Mr. Will
Young, Mrs. Frank Wilcox, Mr. Newton Wilmot, Mrs. Cushing, Mr. Wesley
Bartlett, Miss Sarah Conant, Mr. Will Richardson.

QUILTING—Mrs. George Barnes, Mrs. Eugene Howe, Mrs. Henry Brackett,
Miss Mabel Berry

AT THE CHURN—Mrs. Arthur Palmer, Miss Nettie Kinsman.

AT THE FAIR—Mr. Albert Daley, Mr. Newton Wilmot.

AT THE MORTAR AND PESTLE—Mrs. Emma Thurston, Mrs. Annie N. Coombs.

AT THE FLAX WHEEL—Mrs. Myron Pierce, Miss Pierce.

AT THE WOOL WHEEL—Mrs. Emma Hammond, Mrs. Grace Euline, Mr.
and Mrs. Bert Smith.

AT THE MAPLE SUGAR POT—Mr. Ernest Bond and family.

THE SPIRIT OF WAR, Miss Virginia Tanner

EPISODE 7

The Civil War

In charge of Miss Alice Douglas

Minister.....	Rev. A. L. Dunton
Surgeon.....	Dr. L. B. Allen
A little girl.....	Miss Gladys Waterman
Mrs. Brown.....	Mrs. Henry Dodge
Tom Brown.....	Gorden Russell
Harry.....	Mr. R. H. Hatch
Mrs. Jones.....	Mrs. C. E. Douglas
Mrs. Smith.....	Mrs. R. A. Powell
Frank Smith.....	R. A. Powell
Mrs. Frost.....	Mrs. R. H. Hatch
Mary Frost.....	Miss Ruth Hatch
Dora Frost.....	Miss Dora Burr
Mrs. White.....	Miss Minnie Woodeck
Joseph Matson.....	George Cook
Howard Jones.....	Edwin Knight
Mrs. Jones.....	Mrs. C. Knight
Mrs. Black.....	Miss Vera Powell
Mr. Hopkins.....	Mr. H. Dodge

SOLDIERS

C. A. Powell

C. E. Douglas

Geo. Wilson

EPISODE 8

THE INTRODUCTION OF MACHINERY, (In charge of Mrs. Geo. Slack),
Harley Sanborn, Fred Worthley, David Lang, Mrs. George Slack,
Master Earl Slack.

EPISODE 9

THE RURAL PROBLEM, (In charge of Mrs. Chas. Vaughan), George
Edwards, Mr. Ernest Bond, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Helen Slade, Joe Edwards,
Mr. William Slade, Jr., Miss Betty Moynahan.

INTERLUDE III

THE SPIRIT OF PAGEANTRY, Miss Virginia Tanner.

THETFORD: Mrs. Fred Howard.

EPISODE 10, 11, 12

The New Agriculture, The New Education, The New Life.

MASTER OF THE GRANGE, Chas. Cook, Henry West, Robert Vaughan.

PEOPLE AT THE TOWN FAIR, (In charge of Mrs. Chas Farnsworth),
Mrs. Harry Palmer, Mrs. Trescott, Mrs. Ernest Bond, Mr. and Mrs. Leslie
Vaughan, Mr. and Mrs. Hartshorn, Miss Christine Vaughan, Mr. and Mrs.
Jenkins, Mr. Geo. Cummings, Mr. Chas. Howe and others.

BOY SCOUTS, (In charge of Mr. George Paulsen,) George Vaughan,
William Coombs, Harold Vaughan, Billy Farnsworth, Leon Bailey, Wayne
Bailey, Carl Bailey, Max Hill, Sol Hill, Leon Jenkins, Gerald Wilson,
Clarence Ammell, Maurice Bond, William Bond, Mr. Blake, Walter Palmer,
George Broadhead.

EPISODE 13

GIRL PIONEERS. (In charge of Miss Mary Louise Gray,) Bertha Seeley,
Eleanor Fowle, Doris Cartee, Gretchen Kinsman, Mildred Moulton, May
Moulton, Etta Moulton, Doris LeCross, Leah Henry, Emma Coombs, Ruth
Bond, Louise Harding, Sadie Palmer, Hazel Hill, Isabel Laylander, Louise
Laylander, Dorothy Muller, Frances Smith, Nancy Johnston, Jessie
Vaughan, Lillie Ammell, Edna Ammell, Louise Cadwell, Susie Cadwell,
Pearl Cadwell, Ruth Cadwell, Anna Slade, Ethel Kibbey, Eleanor Kibbey,
Helen Vaughan, Louetta Coombs.

FINALE

THETFORD: Mrs. Katharine Howard.

VERMONT: Katharine Vaughan (mounted on a Morgan horse)

AMERICA: Mrs. Daisy Porter.

MAINE: Ethel Garey.

MASSACHUSETTS: Mrs. S. C. Brackett.

RHODE ISLAND: Mildred Wilmot.

CONNECTICUT: Isabel Lufkin.

NEW HAMPSHIRE: Vera Wilson.

NEW YORK: Evelyn Lufkin.

Mr. Fred Howard in charge of grounds—Andrew Boyd in charge of animals.

Outlook Sept 30, 1911

THE SPECTATOR

"**T**O Thetford? That means the pageant! You're goin' to see a fine thing." And the man with the scythe came out to the roadside where the Spectator had stopped to inquire the last stage of his way. For the Spectator was on his way to see a pageant. Naturally the first duty of a spectator is to see things, to see rather "more than meets the eye," perhaps. And the Spectator, having been bidden many times of late to see pageants, historical, educational, propagandist, and prophetic, had chosen this pageant of a small, remote agricultural community as being typical of the newer direction the outdoor drama is taking in America, where it is becoming something more than a celebration—a real democratic art-expression of a community.

The mower's heartfelt remark epitomized the attitude of the residents of the six villages that make up the town of Thetford, Vermont. And indeed it must be something fine, something of more than surface meaning, that could so engross the New England farmer, hard-headed, practical, keen, and with a sense of humor that would not permit him to make himself absurd in ever so slight a degree. It must be something out of the ordinary to make him put on his great-grandfather's knee-breeches and pot hat in the morning and go about the business of his day thus clad, because he was to take part in the pageant in the afternoon. It was very quaint to see the women in hoop-skirts and flowered silks purchasing their weekly supplies in the village store, or delivering baskets of eggs to their village customers. An Indian was selling stamps in the post-office, while a young wood nymph, with streaming hair, cantered up and down the village street, doubtless carrying messages for the busy pageant master.

Imagine a flat, grassy intervale beside the elm-bordered banks of the Connecticut River. All around rise the mountains, steeply and abruptly, from this flat land, and taking on many tones of blue-green in the changing lights of day and evening. The river banks are somewhat high and steep, and covered with a tangled growth of shrubs and vines. At one end is a grove of pine trees on a gently sloping hill, and in the middle distance is a low vine-covered fence, dividing the field into two parts, in the nearer one of which the individual action takes

place, while the large groups approach through the more distant half. From the west, the east, the south, come running the Spirits of the Mountain, the River, and the Intervale. One is tall and dark and draped in green, one smaller and fair and clad in blue and silver, and the third, joyous and opulent, is clothed in pale gold and carries a branch of fruit. They dance and play and are not disturbed by the entrance of the Indians, who dance with them, making scurrying sorties to shoot their whirling arrows off over the river. There is no conflict between the spirits of Nature and the Indian. But when the white man appears, they all shrink from him and gradually they disperse. The Puritan has driven out the native spirits of the land.

With this symbolic introduction began the Pageant of Thetford, and there were also three interludes, in which the dance served to interpret different phases of the history of Thetford, the first of these showing the Spirit of Home gradually winning the Spirits of the Mountain, the River, and the Intervale, which had come, more or less reluctantly, at the call of the white man. The second interlude represented the Spirit of War, a spirit in flaming red that scattered the young men and maidens of the Age of Homespun, who were dancing their country dances on the green, and then proceeded to execute, alone, a frenzied dance of mocking cruelty and of insolent, fiendish glee. In the third interlude the Spirit of Pageantry, resplendent, mystic, radiant with hope and joy, raises Thetford from the depression induced by the Age of Machinery and the temporary failure to meet the new and changed conditions, and, aided by America, inspires her with new hope until she reaches down and draws from the earth a sword which she brandishes as the symbol of her renewed confidence in herself and in the future.

There was considerable dramatic skill shown in the alternation of grave and gay, the latter best typified by the boisterous country fair of olden times, which was played with a spontaneity and abandon, and, with it all, an artistic restraint, which made it appear a triumph of studied art, or else the actual occurrence itself. And just here the Spectator paused to wonder why it sometimes happens that an amateur actor, perhaps a quite unlettered person, can so play a scene that it seems the perfection of art.

Is it perhaps the absence of convention, which must always hamper the trained actor, unless he be one of the few geniuses who create spontaneously without reference to any precedent? Or is it principally the inspiration of out-of-doors, and the fact that the amateur is acting for the play's sake, not for gain or even for individual glory?

■

Certain it is, if illusion is the test of good acting, that Ben Farmer on his new mowing-machine working out, to his own satisfaction at least, the advantages of the new machinery, was a part "well studied" in expression, business, tone of voice, and general atmosphere. But then—the man taking this part was *really* a farmer; he knew the difficulties of wringing a living from the land. He appreciated the painful necessity he was under of discharging his helper now that he had the machine that "could do the work of four men." So, Henry West, the Western farmer returned to Thetford for Old Home Week, discussing the New Agriculture with the Master of the Grange, *was really* a Thetford man back home from his Western wheat ranch on vacation, and it was with the *real* Master of the Grange that he talked of the difference between the new agriculture and the old.

■

Perfect as were many of these scenes, it is a fact that some of them were never rehearsed at all, or rehearsed only once indoors, and the stage business of pitching hay, driving the mowing-machine, or what not, was left to the inspiration of the moment. The Spectator, being a bit of a pedant, would follow the pageant book, and was vastly entertained by the freedom with which some of the actors rendered the lines—a freedom which added to, rather than detracted from, the illusion of reality. The sense, the spirit, was there, but there was no slavery to the mere word. The very flaws in the performance were but added pleasures, and audience and actors laughed together when the first settler plucked a goodly red apple from a butternut tree—with some difficulty because it had been too firmly tied on—and when the dead or dying soldier on a stretcher was dropped quite unceremoniously by the bearer at his head, while the one at the other end held his heels high in air. He was a real hero, however, and did not flinch even under this treatment.

■

The element of pathos was supplied by the war episode played by the people of Post Mills—one of the six villages—in honor

of its Grand Army of the Republic. To the sound of fife and drum, the five marching veterans of this little town marched across the field and took up their position at the far side. The most vigorous and heartfelt applause of the afternoon greeted the five old men, some of them stooping and feeble and all hoary with honorable age, and tears stood in many eyes as the simple scene was enacted—the farewell to the departing soldiers, the news of battle from the front, and, finally, the return of the wounded, quickly followed by the announcement of the victory of Gettysburg.

■

Too numerous for description here were the episodes typical of the life of the early settlers, but one stands out in the memory—the flight of the townspeople, with all their goods and chattels, when the coming of Burgoyne's army was reported. One brave woman, whose husband was away with their only horse, decided to "stick by the stuff," and was rewarded by finding it a false alarm. None of these episodes were of much import to the world outside. Thetford does not appear largely in the annals of the country, but, small as it is, there is an increasingly well-developed civic consciousness, and the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the granting of the charter seemed to merit some fitting celebration.

■

For a year Thetford has been talking pageant. Blessed with a minister, himself a native of the town, who has made its history his life study, Thetford was ready to grasp with enthusiasm the pageant idea. For two months preparations had been active. Attics had been ransacked, and many beautiful and quaint costumes brought out. An old stage-coach, which ran for many years, was again pressed into service. Old wagons, old plows, spinning-wheels, and many articles of household use were dug out from neglected barns and shed chambers. Records were searched, historic spots identified, parts assigned, and the whole town threw itself heart and soul into the preparations—and, simple as it was, the thing was an undoubted success.

■

This, then, was a pageant in its purest and best form, the drama of a town, enacted with enthusiasm by young and old alike, setting forth not a romance, not a tragedy, composed by rule of thumb, and pleasurable because appealing largely to the imagination, but scenes making concrete and vivid the life of the town, past, present—yes, and future too—

with all its joys, its sorrows, its problems, its struggles, and its triumphs.



Nor, when the three days of performance were over, was the pageant finished, for out of its organization had grown the Boy Scouts and Girl Pioneers, and the Thetford Kitchen, where Thetford matrons are to market the products of their traditional skill with jellies and preserves. The Musical So-

ciet, which, under able direction, did exceptionally good choral work, has from this triumph taken a new lease of life; the farmers are getting together and taking advantage of the expert advice upon soils and methods that is freely given by the University of Vermont and by the United States Government. And this fact of the permanent value of the pageant was perhaps the greatest triumph achieved by its director and his assistants.

THE NEW BOOKS

The love of all mankind for adventure is proved every book-publishing season by the appearance of numerous stories in which this element is to the fore. Three or four such books lie before us. The best of these by far, it seems to us, is Mr. H. De Vere Stackpoole's "The Ship of Coral." This is a tale of a far-away, almost unknown island, where a pirate's ship lies covered deep with coral in a now landlocked bay. That shipwrecked men will find it and dream of Spanish treasure buried in it is inevitable; but the working out of the story is original, and it contains at least one startling surprise. Part of the scene is laid in Martinique, and the author revels, both here and in the coral island, in luscious and sometimes even genuinely poetical description of tropical nature. The temptation to make use of the destruction of St. Pierre by the eruption of Pelée was irresistible. Altogether, there is charm and passion in the book, although it is over-elaborated. (Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.25.) We cannot speak in as high praise of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne's "A Person of Some Importance," which gives a fictitious version of the Austrian tragedy which centered around the death of Prince Rudolph, although the name is not given. In this story the Prince is neither murdered nor does he commit suicide, but lives for many years. How and where he lives is the secret of the story, in keeping which the young American hero meets many strange adventures and much persecution. Not only does the story lack probability, but it does not for a moment induce the reader's imagination to lend itself to any sense of illusion in the plot. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Indiana. \$1.25.) Much stronger in its appeal to the imagination is Mr. Harold MacGrath's "The Carpet from Bagdad," which comes to us from the same publish-

ers. This is quite different from most of Mr. MacGrath's work in fiction, and has a singular and original subject. It follows the adventures of a rug which is abstracted from a palace in Bagdad by a reckless American, is brought to New York, and is the occasion of more than one crime; the story is prettily ended by making the rug serve as the wedding carpet for the lovers. Mr. John Haslett is a new name to us in this field of fiction; and his story "Desmond Rourke, Irishman," has a good deal of promise in it. Here, too, for a time, as in "The Ship of Coral," the story moves to Martinique. The plot is not entirely probable, and is not handled skillfully; but the characters talk and act naturally, and the mystery is very well kept up. The book will not compare with the really great books of its class; but it indicates the probability of better work from the writer. (D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25.)

Why any one should prefer to have Shakespeare's stories told by some one else than Shakespeare is a little hard to understand; but H. A. Guerber has a recognized reputation for doing this sort of thing deftly and effectively. "Stories of Shakespeare's Tragedies" will be a companion volume to the author's "Stories of the Wagner Operas;" but we hope its chief mission will be to send its readers directly to the masterpieces of English literature which are here skeletonized; for, as compared with the Shakespeare stories by Charles and Mary Lamb, these summaries have not very much of the flesh-and-blood element of literature. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.25.)

A quantity of material has been gathered by Mr. and Mrs. William Platt which should result in a splendid series of "Stories of the

Scottish Border." The conscientious care of the writers has dulled somewhat the glow of splendor which we have a right to anticipate. The peculiarly exciting music of the pipes should sound throughout these stories, but we must content ourselves with undoubted facts—nobly barbaric in themselves—and furnish the imagination ourselves. This criticism arises solely from a jealous love for the tales of the Border. It is probable that boys and girls will read of daring, patriotic, and often cruel deeds, and never miss the glowing romance. Such lifelong favorites as "Sir Patrick Spens," "Fair Helen of Kirkconnell," "After Flodden," and many others appear again, illustrated by M. Meredith Williams with clever sketches printed upon dull gray paper. In spite of the somber style of text and illustration, the book is a valuable repository of Border tales, and should be in the hands of many a boy and girl. (Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.50.)

No one is better fitted to interpret Oriental fairy tales for English readers than Dr. William Elliott Griffiths, an authority upon Japan. We are indebted to him for a delightful book called "The Unmannerly Tiger and Other Korean Tales," in which he has preserved the true flavor of Eastern fancy and thought. A brief salutation, "On the Doorstep," puts the reader in accord with the stories. The good, mischievous sprite, Tokgabi, is blood brother to the "good little people" of whom the Irish still speak in hushed tones. There is genuine merriment in these Korean tales, and they trail along with an occasional lapse into inconsequence which will delight natural children. Dr. Griffiths pays a high tribute to his contemporaries in missionary and educational work, "shining names" to whom we owe almost all of our knowledge of the folk-lore of Japan, China, and Korea. (The Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York. \$1.)

An event of distinct importance in the philosophic world is the posthumous publication of a book by the late William James, "Some Problems of Philosophy: A Beginning of an Introduction to Philosophy," as edited, in accordance with its author's wish, by his disciple and friend, Dr. H. M. Kallen. It is, unfortunately, an unfinished work, but even in its fragmentary form it constitutes a valuable addition to the thoughtful volumes that have preceded it from the same pen. Viewed from the controversial standpoint it is of importance as meeting the attacks of those who, unable seemingly to appreciate at their full worth the noble spirituality and

devotion to truth that always distinguished its author's writings, have condemned his philosophy as chaotic and anarchistic, and as involving a revolt against all tradition, authority, and unity. For the tradition, authority, and unity of dogma, as a philosophic method, Professor James assuredly felt nothing but contempt, and in this little volume he once more strikes at philosophic dogmatism. It is a historically valid objection to philosophy, he affirms, that it is dogmatic and pretends to settle things by pure reason, whereas "the only fruitful mode of getting at truth is to appeal to concrete experience." Nor does the appeal to experience inevitably necessitate, as some of his critics seem to fear, an upsetting of belief in the great "general truths" which rationalistic writers have always supposed it impossible to explain on the basis of concrete experience. There are, indeed, Professor James frankly admits, some problems in philosophy which his method—the method of the so-called pragmatic rule—fails to solve. Such, for example, is the ontological problem, the problem of being. But here, he insists, every philosophic method is equally powerless. "The question of being is the darkest in all philosophy. All of us are beggars here, and no school can speak disdainfully of another or give itself superior airs. For all of us alike, fact forms a datum, gift, or *Vorgefundenes*, which we cannot burrow under, explain, or get behind. It makes itself somehow, and our business is far more with its What than with its Whence or Why." To the "What," accordingly, James turns, discussing the problem of concept and precept, the problem of the one and the many, the problem of the infinite, and the problem of causation. To attempt even to summarize here his views on these great problems is out of the question, and we must refer the reader to the book itself. It is enough to say that he handles them with his characteristic candor, and, in the main, though not altogether, with his characteristic clearness. Also, that in his handling of them he applies, with skill and power, his pragmatic rule, the method of evaluation which in especial has made him, these latter years, a storm-center of philosophic controversy. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.25.)

The most striking thing about General F. V. Greene's "The Revolutionary War and the Military Policy of the United States" is the complete absence of any discussion of the fighting and campaigning in progress throughout the Revolution in the country west of the Alleghanies. The name of George Rogers Clark does not appear, there-